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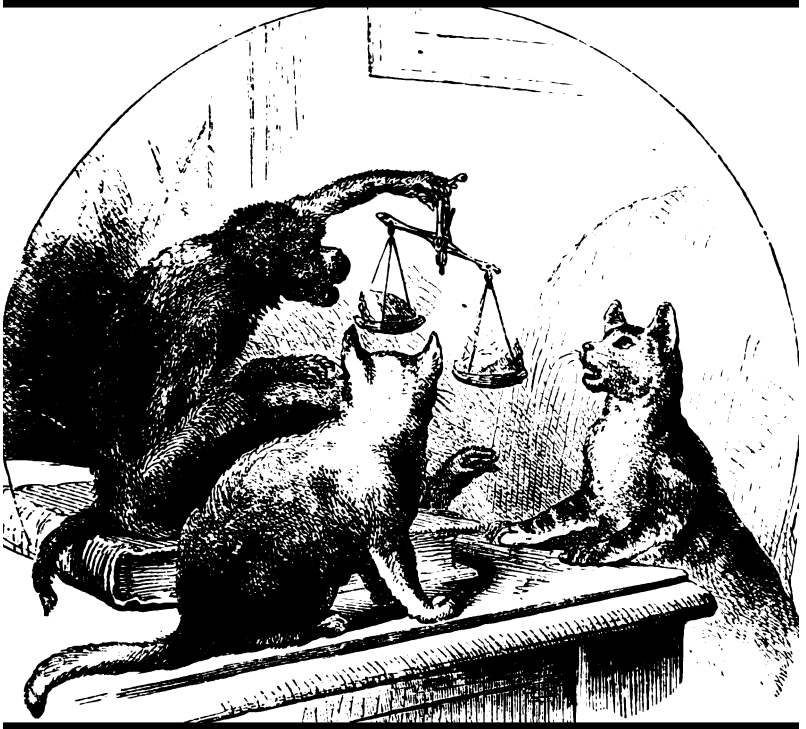

The third reader

Lewis Baxter Monroe

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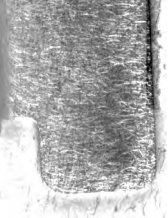

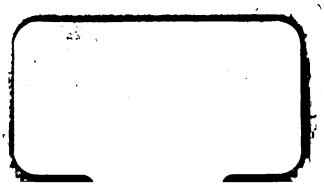

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THE "SURPRISE."—Page 108.

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THE

THIRD READER.

BY

LEWIS B. MONROE.

PHILADELPHIA
E. H. BUTLER & CO.

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HINTS TO TEACHERS.

THE more the reading sounds like pleasant talking, as a general rule, the better it is.

2. A good style in reading is not a matter of precept, but of example. Children will catch the style that they hear, good or bad.

3. It is better for a pupil to express the *idea*, even if he miscalls a word now and then, than to read all the words and have *no* idea. A wrong idea is better than none at all.

4. Do not find fault with a child's reading, nor tell him it is bad, unless you clearly show where the fault lies, and point out a better way.

5. Encourage a pupil by pointing out the good things in his reading, rather than discourage him by ridiculing the bad qualities.

6. Require the class to listen to individual readers, and tell what is well done, rather than to pick flaws.

7. The teacher should not always have the book in hand when conducting a reading lesson, but depend sometimes upon the ear alone for criticism.

8. It is time and labor saved on all the other studies if pupils are taught to read *intelligently;* inasmuch as intelligent reading is the key to *all* knowledge.

9. Care in reference to reading should not be limited to the use of the reading book. When reading from an arithmetic or any other text-book, it should be done properly—never in a careless or indifferent manner.

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"Aim at perfection in everything."

CHESTERFIELD.

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LETTERS AND SOUNDS.

I.

CLASSES OF LETTERS.

THE letters of the alphabet are divided into two classes—vowels and consonants.

A, *e*, *i*, *o* and *u* are called vowels. The word "vowel" means a voice-sound. A clear, open sound of the voice can be made only upon vowels.

Y sounds the same as *i* in the middle or at the end of words, and is then a vowel.

W sometimes follows *a*, *e* or *o* in the same syllable, and is then considered a vowel. This letter never forms a syllable without the aid of another vowel.

A simple vowel sound is made with one fixed position of the organs of speech. A compound sound is made up of two simple ones, and requires two positions of the tongue or lips.

[The teacher will repeat the sounds given in the tables, requiring the pupils to imitate, and to determine, by watching their own organs of speech, whether the sounds are simple or compound. In case of doubt, let the sound be prolonged, and see if this can be done without the least change in position of the tongue and lips.]

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II.

VOWEL SOUNDS.

Long Vowels.	*Short Vowels.*
1. Ē as in ēel.	1. Ĭ as in ĭll.
2. Ā " " āle.	2. Ĕ " " ĕll.
3. Â " " âir.	3. Ă " " ăt.
4. Ȧ " " ärt.	4. Ȧ " " ȧsk.
5. Û " " ûrn.	5. Ŭ " " ŭp.
6. Ạ " " ạwe.	6. Ŏ " " ŏn.
7. Ō " " ōld.	7. O " " [ore].
8. ŌŌ " " ōōze.	8. ŎŎ " " fo͝o͝t

III.

DIPHTHONGS.

Compound vowel sounds are called diphthongs. The word "diphthong" means a double voice-sound.

Ū as in ūse, like ĭ-o͞o or *you.*
Ī " " īce, " ä-ĭ.
Ou " " out, " ä-o͝o.
Oi " " oil, " ŏ-ĭ.

Long *a* and long *o* also (as in the first table) have a double sound. *A* terminates with a slight sound of *ē*, and *o* terminates with a slight sound of *oo*. When long *o* comes before *r* in the same syllable, its final sound, *oo*, is omitted. Notice the difference between the words *mower* and *more*, *lower* and *lore*.

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IV.

CONSONANTS.

The word "consonant" means "sounding with." Consonants are so called because they are most easily sounded with a vowel. Consonants never form words by themselves, but are always joined with vowels.

Those consonants which represent a whispered sound are called *aspirates;* as *p, t, f.*

Those consonants which represent a slight sound of the voice are called *sub-vocals;* as *m, b, v.*

Four of the sub-vocals represent sounds which can easily be prolonged. These are called *liquids.* They are *l, m, n, r.*

Those sub-vocals which are produced by passing the sound through the nose are called *nasals;* as *m, n.*

Other names are sometimes given to consonants, according as they are produced by the action of the lips, tongue, teeth or palate—such as lip-letters or *labials,* tongue-letters or *linguals,* teeth-letters or *dentals.*

[The teacher will practice the following table, and *lead* the pupils to distinguish first whether the consonants represent a whisper or a slight sound of the voice. Afterward they may be led to discover which sounds can easily be prolonged, and hence to distinguish the liquids; also which sound in the nose, and are consequently nasals. They may be led to classify those sounds which are produced by the action of the lips, by the tongue against the teeth, or by the tongue and palate. It would be well to make these experiments before giving the above definitions, and thus enable the pupils to make the definitions for themselves, based upon the discoveries they have made. The definition itself is of comparatively little importance. A clear knowledge of the action of the organs of speech is what is here to be sought.]

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V.

CONSONANTS IN THE ORDER OF THEIR FORMATION.

Aspirates.	*Sub-vocals.*	*Liquids.*	*Nasals.*
P *p*ay, a*p*e.	B *b*at, ca*b*.		M *m*ar, ar*m*.
Wh *wh*y, ——.	W *w*ay, ——.		
F *f*ed, dea*f*.	V *v*eal, lea*v*e.		
Th *th*in, my*th*.	Th *th*is, wi*th*.		
S *s*ell, le*ss*.	Z *z*one, no*s*e.		
T *t*ide, ligh*t*.	D *d*ay, ai*d*.		N *n*o, o*w*n.
		L *l*et, fe*ll*.	
	R *r*oll, ——.	R ——, oa*r*.	
Sh *sh*ed, fle*sh*.	Zh azure, rou*g*e.		
H *h*ay, ——.	Y *y*et, ——.		
K *k*eep, wea*k*.	G *g*um, mu*g*		Ng ——, si*ng*.

Sometimes letters occur in words where they do not represent any sound; these are called silent letters—as *gh* in si*gh*, *p* and *l* in *p*sa*l*m.

In some cases a single letter represents two sounds; as *x* in bo*x*, the same as bo*ks*.

Sometimes two letters are united to represent a single sound; as *sh* in *sh*e, *th* in *th*in, *ph* in *ph*ysic, *ng* in si*ng*.

VI.

SPELLING AND PHONIC ANALYSIS.

Letters.	*Sounds.*	*Letters.*	*Sounds.*	*Letters.*	*Sounds.*
pay	p-ā	nigh	n-ī	view	v-ū
bar	b-ä-r	mill	m-ĭ-l	hub	h-ŭ-b
fall	f-ạ-l	road	r-ō-d	foot	f-o͝o-t
chat	ch-ă-t	pool	p-o͞o-l	boil	b-oi-l
zeal	z-ē-l	shot	sh-ŏ-t	mouth	m-ou-th
met	m-ĕ-t	tune	t-ū-n	bathe	b-ā-th

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Letters.	*Sounds.*	*Letters.*	*Sounds.*	*Letters.*	*Sounds.*
ape	ā-p	of	ŏ-v	box	b-o-k-s
wise	w-ī-z	was	w-ŏ-z	judge	j-ŭ-j
laugh	l-ă-f	could	k-o͝o-d	ink	i-ng-k
sure	sh-o͝o-r	cough	k-a̤-f	quick	k-w-ĭ-k
sphere	s-f-ē-r	chaise	sh-ā-z	fling	f-l-ĭ-ng
blight	b-l-ī-t	preach	p-r-ē-ch	slough	s-l-ou
brought	b-r-a̤-t	drought	d-r-ou-t	smart	s-m-ă-r-t
pledge	p-l-ĕ-j	sway	s-w-ā	phlegm	f-l-ĕ-m
knee	n-ē	alms	ă-m-z	lamb	l-ă-m
gnat	n-ă-t	half	h-ă-f	hour	ou-r
reign	r-ā-n	debt	d-ĕ-t	hymn	h-ĭ-m
able	ā-b-l	even	ē-v-n	golden	g-ō-l-d-n
rifle	r-ī-f-l	seven	s-ĕ-v-n	garden	g-ă-r-d-n
cattle	k-ă-t-l	given	g-ĭ-v-n	eleven	ē-l-ĕ-v-n
rebel	r-ĕ-b-ĕ-l	vowel	v-ou-ĕ-l	camel	k-ă-m-ĕ-l
level	l-ĕ-v-ĕ-l	travel	t-r-ă-v-ĕ-l	model	m-ŏ-d-ĕ-l

nation	n-ā-sh-ŭ-n	ocean	ō-sh-u-n
fiction	f-ĭ-k-sh-ŭ-n	version	v-ŭ-r-sh-ŭ-n
notion	n-ō-sh-ŭ-n	Latin	l-ă-t-ĭ-n

[Pupils are to be exercised upon the above in various ways, until they can clearly analyze the words by sounds and by letters. The exercise may be conducted thus, for example: 1. Pronounce this word (naming it). 2. Spell it by letters. 3. Spell it by sounds. 4. How many letters in the word? 5. How many sounds? 6. What is the first letter? 7. The first sound? 8. The first two letters? 9. The last two sounds? 10. Give the first vowel sound alone. 11. Give the last consonant sound. 12. Spell the word backward by sounds, etc.]

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VII.

EXERCISES TO BRING OUT THE VOICE.

1. To àrms! The foemen storm the wàll.

2. Rìse! rìse! ye citizens;—your gates defènd.

3. I cried to the furious wind,
"Blow òn! This is the land of lìberty!"

4. Come òn! Come òn!
I'll bring you to the fòe. And when you meet him,
Strike hàrd! Strike hòme!

5. Ònward, footmen! Onward, hòrsemen!
To the chàrge, ye gallant Norsemen!

6. Rush ìn! Break through the Grecian ràmpart! hurl
At once devouring flàmes into the fleet!

7. War and vèngeance! Rìse, my warriors,
Rìse, and shout the bàttle-sign!

8. Jòy, jòy! Shòut—shout aloud for jòy!

9. Come óne, come àll—this ròck shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

10. Strìke! for the sires who left you frèe!
Strìke! for their sakes who bòre you!
Strìke! for your homes and lìberty,
And the heaven you worship ò'er you!

11. Hurràh! hurràh! it shakes the wáve,
It thunders from the shòre—
One flag, one land, one heart, one hànd,
One nàtion evermore!

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"Awake the feelings and inform the sense,—this is the way to get effective reading."

ROYES.

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THE THIRD READER.

I.—*DO YOU KNOW HOW TO READ?*

ONE day Uncle Ned, who was sitting in his arm-chair, called his little nephews and nieces about him. I think there were five in all. Let me see—George, James, Jennie, Grace and Eva.

2. "Well, children," said Uncle Ned, "do you know how to read?"

3. "Why, what a question!" said George. "Of course we do. We have all been to school these three years."

4. "Yes," said Grace; "and I have been through the First Reader and the Second Reader."

5. "So have I!" said James. "And I! and I!" echoed the others. "And grandma says I can tell the hard words in her big Bible almost as well as she can," added Jennie.

6. "Why, what a wonderful set of nephews and nieces I have!" said Uncle Ned. "How

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wise you must be, all of you! Here, James, read this verse for me as well as you can."

7. So James took the book which his uncle Ned handed him, and read very rapidly, without minding the stops:

"'Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.'"

8. "You may read the next verse, Jennie."

9. Jennie obeyed, and read with a high, shrill tone, very unlike the charming tone in which she always talked:

"'He followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.'"

10. "Here, George," said Uncle Ned, "read the next verse."

11. So George tried to do his best, and shouted so loud that Uncle Ned shut out the noise by putting a finger in each ear:

"'And so the teacher turned him out;
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.'"

12. "Now, your turn, Grace."

13. Grace read the next verse in what is called a sing-song, like this:

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"'And then he ran to *her* and laid
His head upon her *arm*;
As if he said, I 'm *not* afraid,
You 'll keep me from all *harm*.'"

14. "Let me see," said Uncle Ned, looking around at the children through his glasses. "Here are five noses—there are five of you. *You* have not read, Eva. You were not so sure that you knew how to read, but you may try."

15. Eva took the book and read in a very pleasant tone, as if she were talking or telling a pretty story:

"'What makes the lamb love Mary so?'
The eager children cry;
'Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,'
The teacher did reply.'"

16. "Now, children," said Uncle Ned, "I think one of you knows how to read. Can you tell me which it is?"

17. "If you mean the one who reads best, I know," said Grace. "I think Eva does."

18. "So do I," and "So do I," said the others.

19. "Now, children, *why* does she read best?"

20. "Because she did n't read too fast," said James.

21. "And I think it is because she spoke so plainly," said George.

22. "What do *you* say, Jennie?" asked Uncle Ned.

23. "I guess it is because she understood what she read," said Jennie.

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24. "And *I* think she *enjoyed* reading it," added Grace.

25. "Good, children!" said Uncle Ned. "You have all given me answers which show that you are learning to think, if you are not learning to read well. If you will all remember what each one has just said, you will be fine readers one of these days.

26. "Read slowly, distinctly, understandingly, and as if you enjoyed it, and you will all be as good readers as Eva."

27. "A great deal better, I hope," said Eva. "I want to be as good a reader as my teacher. She makes us have nice times with our reading-lessons. She talks with us about the stories, and helps us find out what they mean, before we read them to her."

28. "She must be a good teacher," said Uncle Ned, patting Eva on the head. "Now you may all go and have a good game at 'hide-and-seek.'"

QUESTIONS.

Which of the children read best to Uncle Ned? What was good in Eva's reading? Do you think you can read as Eva did? Do you know any one in your class whose voice sounds very sweet in reading? Do you like to hear a pleasant tone when any one reads or speaks? Do you know of any one who does not read distinctly? Can you speak plain when your teeth are shut close together? What should you do, then, to read distinctly? Did you ever hear any one read with a sing-song? Do you like the sound of it? What did you like best in the reading of ——— ? (naming any member of the class.)

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II.—*RED, OR BLACK?*

"HURRAH for the seaside!" cried Philip. "What fun I shall have with the boating and the bathing, and the digging in the sand! But the fishing will be the best fun of all. Many a jolly red lobster will I drag out of the sea!"

2. "*Red* lobsters!—red!" cried Henry, with a loud, rude laugh. "Catch a red lobster if you can! If you had seen as many lobsters as I have seen, you would know that they are of a dark color, almost black."

3. "You must not try to make fun of *me!*" said Philip, while his cheek grew almost as red as the lobster he was thinking of. "As if I did n't know the look of a lobster, when my aunt has lobster salad once a week! The shell is red, I tell you."

4. "The shell is black, I tell you," said Henry —"black as my boots! If you say it is red, you say what is not true."

5. "Do you mean to say I tell a lie?" said Philip, getting very angry; and from high words the two boys were near coming to blows, when an old man came up, and asked what was the matter.

6. "This boy says lobsters are black, and I say they are red," cried Philip. "Now, are they not red, sir?"

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7. "Are they not black, sir?" asked Henry.

8. "Be still, both of you," said the old man. "Neither of you seems to be aware that *lobsters are dark green till they are boiled*, and that then their color is changed to *red*. Now, before you quarrel again, my lads, be sure you know what it is all about."

III.—*THE KNIFE IN THE WELL.*

FRANK was playing about the well-curb with his bright new penknife in his hand, when, to his great sorrow, he dropped the knife into the depths below. He heard it ringing and saw it glancing down the old mossy stones, and in his distress and vexation, was almost tempted to spring down after it.

2. As it was, he could only go into the house and tell his grief to his mother, who sympathized with him, and very likely took occasion to tell him what a good thing it was to be careful, and all that.

3. Uncle John sat by the window, and when he had heard about the accident he asked:

"Was the knife open?"

4. "Yes, sir; I was making a fiddle out of a shingle."

5. "Well, don't give up until we see what can be done."

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6. So he took a small looking-glass to the well, and directed a bright sunbeam to search diligently in the bottom for the missing knife.

7. "There it is, uncle; oh, there it is!" shouted Frank, in great excitement. "I see the pearl handle. Now, if the sunbeam could only fish it up," he added, more sorrowfully.

8. Uncle John said nothing, but walked into the house, and pretty soon came out with a large horseshoe magnet attached to a stout string.

9. "What are you going to do with that magnet, Uncle John?" asked Frank.

10. "Oh, you wait patiently a few moments and you will see," said Uncle John.

11. Very carefully he lowered the magnet into the well, keeping the sunbeam fixed on the knife, and presently the magnet touched the bright steel. It clung fast to the bar, and was literally fished up by it, to the great joy of Frank and the admiration of all beholders.

12. You see what a good thing a little science is.

QUESTIONS.

Where did Frank lose his knife? Did you ever see a well? What is a well? Did Frank's mother help him get the knife again? Who did help him? How did Uncle John get sight of it? Please hold your book in the way you think Uncle John held the looking-glass. Would a book have done as well as a glass? Why not? What did Uncle John fish the knife out with? Did you ever see a magnet? Would a magnet draw up a pencil or a marble in the same way?

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IV.—*LEARN OR BURN.*

I.

GO away from the light, little miller;
'T will singe your beautiful wings;
I know it is bright, and a glorious sight;
But it is n't quite right, little miller,
To play with such dangerous things.

II.

You must look and not touch, little miller;
You don't see the careful old birds
Get a scorch or a smutch by driving at such;
The peril 's too much, little miller;
Ah, pretty, beware of my words!

III.

Your mother is gone, little miller;
She was lost in a terrible fire.
She thought it a star with its portal ajar;
But it was n't so far, little miller;
With pity I saw her expire!

IV.

Unheeded advice, little miller;
No flame-withered wing will return;
Fair warning 's not twice overlooked by the wise;
You 've paid your own price, little miller,
To learn that a fire will burn.

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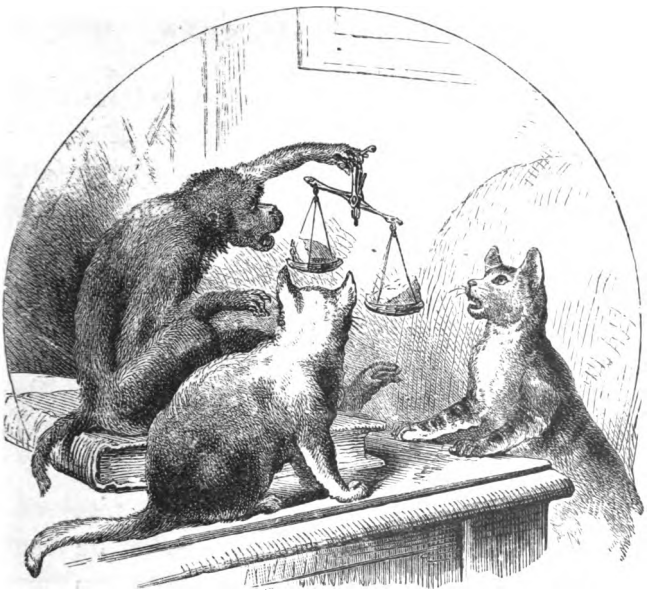

V.—*THE MONKEY AND THE CATS.*

(*A Fable.*)

TWO hungry cats, having stolen some cheese, could not agree between themselves how to divide it. Therefore they went to law, and a cunning monkey was to be judge and decide their cause.

2. The monkey put the two pieces of cheese, which the cats had brought him, into some scales, to see if they were of equal weight. "Let me see," said the judge, with a sly look. "This slice weighs more than the other;" and with that he bit off a large piece.

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3. "Why do you bite our cheese?" said the cats.

4. "Because," said the monkey, "I must see that neither of you has more than the other."

5. The other scale had now become too heavy; so the honest judge helped himself to a second mouthful.

6. "Hold! hold!" cried the two cats. "Give each of us her share of what is left, and we will be content."

7. "If you are content," said the monkey, "justice is not; the law, my friends, must have its course."

8. Upon this he nibbled first one piece and then the other, till the poor cats, seeing their cheese in a fair way to be all eaten up, most humbly begged him not to put himself to any further trouble, but to give them what still remained.

9. "Ha! ha! ha! not so fast, I beseech you, good ladies," said the monkey; "I owe justice to myself as well as to you, and what remains is due to me as the lawyer." Upon this he crammed the whole into his mouth at once, and very gravely broke up the court.

10. This fable teaches us that it is better to put up with a trifling loss than to run the risk of losing all we have by going to law.

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VI.—*FIVE OUT OF ONE SHELL.*

FIVE little peas in a pod; they were green and the pod was green, so they thought all the world was green, and that was as it should be.

2. "Must we stay here always?" asked one. "I'm sure there's something outside of this pod, and I would like to see it," said another. "Besides, we shall get hard, sitting here so long," said a third. "Let us run away," said the fourth. The fifth sat silent, saying nothing.

3. The sun shone, the rain fell, and pretty soon the pod began to turn yellow, and the peas began to turn yellow. "All the world is turning yellow," said they.

4. After a few days a boy came along and picked the pod. "Here are five famous peas for my shooter," said he, as he shelled it and put the peas in his pocket.

5. By and by he shot the first. "Here I go," it said, "over and over; I shall never stop. How pleasant it is, only it makes me a little dizzy. I—I'm afraid I'm sick," it gasped, as it fell on the ground and rolled under a plantain leaf.

6. He shot another. "Up I go! I shall never come down," it thought as it went up in the air; but in a moment more it too had fallen and rolled away.

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7. The third was dropped as he was about to put it in the shooter; the fourth fell into the gutter. There it lay in the water and swelled and swelled until it thought there was never a pea so large.

8. What became of the fifth—the little one that said nothing? It happened to land in a crack by the side of a window. There it lay, with some damp moss and a little earth, until one day a great change came to it—two little green leaves grew up, and the tiny little roots

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went down, and there was a bright, sturdy little pea-vine.

9. It grew up until it could look in at the window, and it peeped in one day just to see what was going on, and found there a little sick girl. How glad she was to see it! She petted it and cared for it, and every day as she grew better the vine grew larger. Finally, she was well enough to go out. That day the pea-vine blossomed.

VII.—*SPRING.*

I.

THE Spring has come! the Spring has come!
The brooks are merrily pouring,
And the lambs are here, and the swallows appear,
And the lark aloft is soaring.

II.

Come to the fields! away to the fields!
We've lingered at home too long;
The sheep-bells ring as the bright birds sing,
And the streamlet murmurs a song.

III.

Never forget, child, never forget
WHO it was made the world so fair—
Who with flowers and trees, and mountains and seas,
Made it beautiful everywhere.

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VIII.—*THE CROWS AND THE WINDMILL.*

(*A Fable.*)

IT seems there was once a windmill which went round and round day after day. It did harm to nobody. It never knocked anybody down unless he got within reach of its great arms. What if it did use the air? surely there was no harm in that. The air was just as good for breathing after it had turned the mill as before.

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2. But there was a flock of crows in the neighborhood that took quite a dislike to the innocent mill. They said there must be some mischief about it. They did not at all like the swinging of those long arms for a whole day at a time.

3. It was thought best to call a meeting of all the crows in the country, far and near, to see if some plan could not be hit upon by which the dangerous thing could be got rid of.

4. Well, the meeting was called, and held in a corn-field. Such a cawing and chattering was never heard before in that neighborhood, I'll be bound. They say they appointed a chairman, or rather, a chair-*crow*.

5. As is usual in public meetings, there were many different opinions as to what was best to be done with the windmill. Most of the crows thought it was a dangerous thing—a *very* dangerous thing, indeed; but as to the best mode of getting rid of it, that was not so easy a matter to make out.

6. There were some crows at the meeting who were for active measures. They proposed going right over to the windmill—all the crows in a body—and destroying it on the spot.

7. In justice to the crow family in general, however, it ought to be stated that those who talked about this warlike plan were rather young.

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Their feathers had not grown to quite their full length, and they had not seen so much of the world as their fathers had.

8. After there had been a good deal of grand talking and blustering, one old crow said he had a question to ask. He would beg leave to inquire, through the chairman, whether the windmill had ever been known to go away from the place where it was then standing, and to chase crows about with murderous intent.

9. It was answered that such conduct on the part of the giant had never been heard of.

10. "How, then," the speaker wished to know, "was it likely to kill any of them?"

11. The answer was, "By their venturing too near the mill."

12. "And that is the *only* way that any of us are likely to get killed by the windmill?" pursued the venerable crow.

13. "Yes," the chairman said; "that is the way, I believe."

And the crows generally nodded their heads, as much as to say,

"Certainly, of course."

14. "Well, then," said the speaker, "*let's keep out of harm's way.* That's all I have to say."

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IX.—*MAKE YOUR OWN SUNSHINE.*

"OH dear, it always *does* rain when I want to go anywhere," cried little Jennie Moore. "It's too bad. Now I've got to stay in-doors all day, and I know I shall have a wretched day."

2. "Perhaps so," said Uncle Jack; "but you need not have a bad day unless you choose."

3. "How can I help it? I wanted to go to the park and hear the band, and take Fido and play on the grass, and have a good time, and pull wild flowers and eat sandwiches under the trees. But now there is n't going to be any sunshine at all, and I 'll have to stand here and see it rain, and see the water run off the duck's back all day."

4. "Well, let 's make a little sunshine," said Uncle Jack.

5. "Make sunshine?" said Jennie; "why, how you *do* talk!" and she smiled through her tears. "You have n't got a sunshine factory, have you?"

6. "Well, I 'm going to start one right off, if you 'll be my partner," replied Uncle Jack. "Now, let me give you these rules for making sunshine: first, Don't think what might have been if the day had been better; second, See how many pleasant things there are left to en-

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joy; and, lastly, Do all you can to make other people happy."

7. "Well, I'll try the last thing first;" and she went to work to amuse her little brother Willie, who was crying. By the time she had him riding a chair and laughing she was laughing.

8. "Well," said Uncle Jack, "I see you are a good sunshine-maker, for you've got about all you or Willie can hold just now. But let's try what we can do with the second rule."

9. "But I haven't anything to enjoy; my dolls are all old and my picture-books all torn, and—"

10. "Hold!" said Uncle Jack; "here's an old newspaper. Now, let's get some fun out of it."

11. "Fun out of a newspaper? why, how you talk!"

12. But Uncle Jack showed her how to make a mask by cutting holes in the paper, and how to cut a whole family of paper-dolls, and how to make pretty things for Willie out of the paper.

13. Then he got the tea-tray and showed her how to roll a marble round it.

14. And so she found many a pleasant amusement, and when bedtime came she kissed Uncle Jack and said,

"Good-night, dear Uncle Jack."

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15. Good-night, little sunshine-maker," said Uncle Jack.

16. And Jennie dreamed that night that Uncle Jack had built a great house, and put a sign over the door which read:

SUNSHINE FACTORY.

UNCLE JACK AND LITTLE JENNIE.

17. She made Uncle Jack laugh when she told him her dream; but she never forgot—what you must remember—A cheerful heart makes its own sunshine.

X.—*WAITING FOR THE MAY.*

I.

FROM out his hive there came a bee;
"Has spring-time come or not?" said he.
Alone within a garden-bed
A small, pale snowdrop raised its head.

II.

"'T is March, this tells me," said the bee;
"The hive is still the place for me;
The day is chill, although 't is sunny,
And icy cold this snowdrop's honey."

III.

Again came humming forth the bee;
"What month is with us now?" said he,
Gay crocus-blossoms, blue and white
And yellow, opened to the light.

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IV.

"It must be April," said the bee,
"And April's scarce the month for me.
I'll taste these flowers (the day is sunny),
And wait before I gather honey."

V.

Once more came out the waiting bee.
"'T is come; I smell the spring!" said he.
The violets were all in bloom;
The lilac tossed a purple plume.

VI.

The daffodil wore a yellow crown;
The cherry-tree a snow-white gown;
And by the brookside, wet with dew,
The early wild wake-robins grew.

VII.

"It is the May-time," said the bee;
"The queen of all the months for me;
The flowers are here, the sky is sunny;
'T is now the time to gather honey."

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XI.—*THE YOUNG BIRD OUT OF ITS NEST.*

ONE day a girl named Gertrude, who was crossing a pasture on her way to school, saw two small boys at some distance before her who seemed to be throwing stones at something. She hastened to the spot, and found it was a little bird that they were trying to hit.

2. It was a bird that was too young to fly, but had by some means fallen out of the nest, which was on a tree near the path. The boys had found the bird in the grass, and had set it up

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upon a rock at a little distance for a mark, and were throwing stones at it, while the mother-bird was flying to and fro in great distress.

3. Now, we might at first thought say that these were very cruel boys, and that they ought to be punished for taking pleasure, as it would seem, in giving pain to two helpless birds. But the truth is that they were not really taking pleasure in giving pain; they were not thinking of the pain at all.

4. They did not stop to think that the little bird might be frightened or hurt. They did not notice the distress of the mother-bird. They were wholly occupied with the interest of *trying to hit a mark.*

5. So when Gertrude came to the spot and found what the boys were doing, she went to the little bird and began to pity it.

"Poor little thing!" she said.

6. These words made a change in the state of mind of the boys. They lost the interest which they had felt in trying to hit a mark, and they, too, began to feel sorry for the bird.

7. "Poor little thing!" said Gertrude. "He has n't any feathers—at least not enough to keep him warm."

8. "They never have good feathers," said one of the boys, "when they are as young as this one is."

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9. "No," said Gertrude; "and so he ought to be back in his nest. And that is his mother, I suppose, flying about the tree and chirping so loud."

10. "Birdie! birdie!" she continued, looking up at the old bird; "we won't hurt your poor little chick; we will keep him warm."

11. So saying, she took up the little bird from the big stone, and holding him in one hand, she covered him with the other, in order to keep him warm.

12. Gertrude then asked the boys whether they did not think that they could climb up into the tree and put the little bird back into the nest again, but they said it was too high; besides, they thought that the old bird would fly at them and pick their eyes out.

13. Then Gertrude proposed that they should make a nest for it themselves, and put it on one of the lower branches of the tree, and put the bird into it. She told them she thought they could make a nest good enough for one bird, and then its mother could get to it and feed it there.

14. The boys were very much interested in this plan, and immediately began to pull up dried grass to form the nest. In a little while they had made a kind of grassy bed in a notch of the tree quite low down. Here they placed the young bird.

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15. "Now," said Gertrude, "let's go off a little way and see if the old bird will come and take care of it."

16. "Yes, so we will!" said the boys. And they went with Gertrude a little way along the path to watch what the old bird would do. To their great joy they saw that the mother-bird went at once to the spot.

17. "Yes!" exclaimed Gertrude, clapping her hands joyfully; "yes, she has found it; and now she will feed it and take care of it till it gets big enough to fly; and so this summer we shall have one more bird to sing in the woods and to eat up the mosquitoes. You have done a great deal of good, and I am very much obliged to you for helping me."

18. So saying, all these children walked along the path together to school.

QUESTIONS.

What were the boys doing when Gertrude saw them? Do you think they were cruel boys? What reasons have you for thinking they were or were not? Do you think Gertrude was kind or cruel? Why? What did Gertrude first ask the boys to do? Did they do it? Why not? What did Gertrude then ask them to do? Did they do this? Where did they place the young bird? What did the mother-bird then do? Which do you think the boys enjoyed most—throwing stones at the bird, or making a little nest for it? Which should *you* enjoy most?

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XII.—*BIPEDS AND QUADRUPEDS.*

ONE day when Mrs. Dudley came in from a walk, she found her two youngest children, Amy and Georgie, standing at the garden-gate. They were looking after three rather big boys who were crossing the common not far off, and who had with them a large dog.

2. Amy had hold of Georgie's hand, and she seemed to be trying to get him away from the gate. In a moment Mrs. Dudley saw that there was something the matter, for both children looked flushed and angry.

3. Georgie, as soon as he saw his mamma, exclaimed, in a half-sobbing voice,

"They have taken away Gip, mamma. They said that Willie was out there and wanted him. Poor Gip did n't want to go, and I know Willie did n't want him."

4. "Never mind, Georgie," said Amy; "Gip will soon come back, I know. He won't like those rude boys at all. Mamma," she added, with flashing eyes, "they called Georgie a silly little biped."

5. "Did they really?" replied Mrs. Dudley, unable to suppress a smile. "Well, it was very rude of them to call names. But, do you know, I am afraid that Georgie *is* a biped, whether he likes to be called so or not."

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6. "Oh, mamma!" said Amy.

"Oh, Amy!" said her mamma.

7. "I *can't* be a biped," said Georgie. "It 's a horrid thing, I know."

8. "Is it?" returned Mrs. Dudley. "Then I 'm afraid that I must be a horrid thing, for I am a biped, whether you are or not."

9. Both the children exclaimed again, "Oh, mamma!"

So she said, "Do you know that the word *biped* means a creature that has two feet? Has Georgie more than that?"

10. Amy laughed and said, "No;" and then she asked what things were called that had four feet.

11. "Things?" repeated her mamma. "I suppose you mean animals. Well, they are called 'quadrupeds;' a dog is a quadruped, and so is a horse. I wonder whether Gip would be offended if you called him a quadruped?"

12. Georgie laughed, and asked what monkeys are called.

13. "There are some monkeys that go on all fours, and some that walk on two legs like us, but all monkeys' feet will serve them for hands too; so it is thought better to describe them as four-handed animals. You see, therefore, that there are two-footed, four-footed and four-handed animals."

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14. "But I am not a beast, mamma," replied Georgie, indignantly.

15. "I did not say you were, my boy," returned his mother. "I called you an animal, and so you are. You are quite as much an animal as Gip is; but you are not a beast, for you have something which a beast has not, and that is a soul which will live for ever."

16 "Oh, good!" suddenly exclaimed Georgie. "There 's my quadruped Gip home again, after all;" and the dog came bounding through the gate and ran up to lick the hands of his little master.

XIII.—*THE JACK-O'-LANTERN.*

THE wagon rolled into the yard with a load of large, plump, golden-cheeked pumpkins. "Now, where shall we put them?" asked Rollo.

2. "Yonder, on the grass, is a good place," replied Jonas. "Pile them up, and we will leave them for a few days to dry in the sun." Jonas began to unload the wagon; he rolled the pumpkins toward Rollo, who piled them on the grass. The old white cow, standing on the road, stretched her neck over the fence and eyed the pumpkins with eager desire.

3. "Here is a green one, Jonas; shall I pile it up with the rest?" "No," said Jonas: "it will

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not ripen. It is good for nothing but to give to the pigs or to make a Jack-o'-lantern." "A Jack-o'-lantern!" said Rollo; "what is a Jack-o'-lantern?" "Did you never see one?" asked Jonas. "No," said Rollo; "what is it?"

4. "Why, you take a pumpkin and scoop out all the inside; then you cut eyes and nose and mouth in it; at night you put a candle inside and carry it out in the dark, and it makes a great grinning face of fire."

5. "But what a curious name! Why is it called so?" "I do not know; but I suppose the name means Jack-with-a-lantern, or a 'man with a lantern,' for Jack is used as a sort of nickname for a man."

6. "Oh, Jonas, may I make one out of this green pumpkin?" "Yes, you may do so. First bring the pumpkin to me; I will mark it for you."

7. Rollo brought the pumpkin, and Jonas, taking out his knife, marked a circle just below and all round the stem.

8. "There," said he; "that is for the cap. Now you must get a case-knife and make a deep cut all around this mark; then the cap will come off if you pull it by the handle. Then dig out the inside with an old iron spoon, leaving the shell about as thick as your finger."

9. Rollo got the knife and spoon; then, seat-

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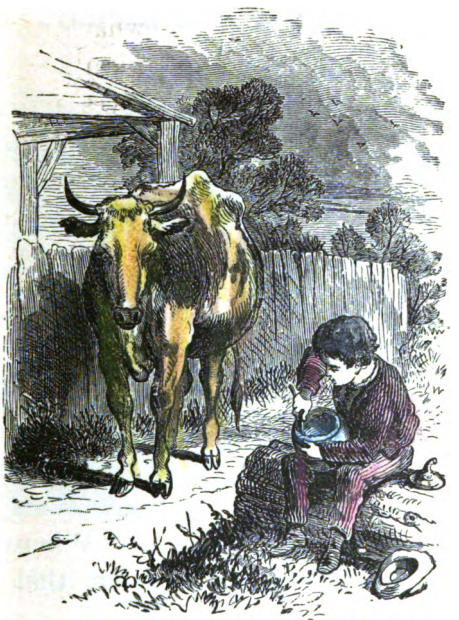
ing himself on a log in the yard, he proceeded to make his Jack-o'-lantern, while Jonas went off to his work in the garden.



10. Before Rollo had quite completed his plaything he became tired, and concluded to leave it a little while and go and look for Jonas.

11. "Well, Rollo, have you finished the Jack-o'-lantern?" "No," replied Rollo; "I was tired; so I thought I would come and help you work and ask you to tell me a story."

12. "I do not think of any story just now, but

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I can give you some advice." "Very well," said Rollo; "give me some advice."

13. "I will tell you two rules my old schoolmaster used to teach me — one for work and one for play. His rule for work was this:

'What is once begun
Must always be done.'"

14. Rollo laughed at hearing this rule, and asked if all his old master's rules were in poetry.

15. "His second rule," continued Jonas, "was for play. It was this:

'When you have done your play
Put all your things away.'"

16. "I think this is an excellent rule," said Rollo; "for children often lose their playthings by leaving them about when they have done playing. I never leave my things lying about."

17. "Indeed!" said Jonas. "Where is your Jack-o'-lantern? Have you put that away?" "No; but that is not finished yet."

18. "Then you have broken both of my old master's rules. You have left your work unfinished because you were tired of it, and you did not put away your playthings when you had done with them. Now let us go home." They walked toward the house.

19. "Rollo! Rollo! see there!" exclaimed Jonas as soon as they came in sight of the yard. Rollo

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looked up and saw the old white cow eating up his Jack-o'-lantern.

20. Rollo picked up a stick and ran after the cow, shouting out, "Wheh there! wheh!" as loud and fiercely as he could.

21. The cow seized another large mouthful and ran off, shaking her horns and brandishing her tail.

22. "The ugly old cow!" said Rollo, taking up the remains of the pumpkin. "My Jack-o'-lantern is all spoiled. I will get some stones and stone her."

23. "Stone her! Stone what?" replied Jonas,

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coolly. "Stone the cow?" "Yes, of course, that ugly old cow."

24. "Why, what is the cow to blame for?" said Jonas. "To blame! Why, she has been eating up my Jack-o'-lantern."

25. "I do not think the cow is to blame," said Jonas; "but somebody is to blame, and I can tell you who. If you stone anybody, you had better stone him. The person to blame is the boy that left the Jack-o'-lantern on the log, and thus let the cow get at it."

26. "I think," added he, with a laugh, "that if my old schoolmaster had known of this case, he would have made a good story out of it to illustrate his Two RULES."

XIV.—*ISAAC HOPPER AND HIS LAMB.*

ISAAC HOPPER had a lamb whose horns were crooked and had a tendency to turn in. His father had given it to him for his own, on condition that he should keep the horns carefully filed, so that they should not hurt the animal. He had a small file on purpose, and took such excellent care of his pet that it soon became very much attached to him, and trotted about after him like a dog.

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2. When he was about five or six years old, British soldiers came into the neighborhood to seize provisions for the army, according to their custom during our Revolutionary War. They tied the feet of the tame lamb and threw it into the cart with the other sheep and lambs. Isaac came up to them in season to witness this operation, and his heart swelled with indignation.

3. He sprang into the cart, exclaiming, "That's *my* lamb, and you sha'n't have it." The men tried to push him aside, but he pulled out a rusty jack-knife and cut the rope that bound the poor lamb.

4. A British officer rode up, and seeing a little boy struggling so resolutely with the soldiers, he inquired what was the matter. "They 've stolen my lamb!" exclaimed Isaac; "and they sha'n't have it. It 's *my* lamb!"

5. "*Is* it your lamb, my brave little fellow?" said the officer. "Well, they sha'n't have it. You 'll make a fine soldier one of these days." So Isaac lifted his lamb from the cart and trudged off victorious.

QUESTIONS.

Did you ever see a lamb? Which should you like best for a pet, —a lamb, a dog, or a kitten? Did you ever see a file? What is a file for? What use did Isaac make of his file? Did the soldiers get Isaac's lamb away from him? What did Isaac do to prevent them? What did the officer mean by "brave little fellow"? Would you rather be a brave little fellow, or a coward?

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XV.—*THE LOCOMOTIVE.*

I.

THE locomotive is a steed
Most wonderful to view;
He runs on wheels instead of legs,
His joints all turn on iron pegs,
His road is iron, too.

II.

To draw along his monstrous train
Is a prodigious toil;
They fire him up to make him go,
With sticks of wood thrown in below,
And water there to boil.

III.

"Choo-choo!" he says; "choo-choo! choo-choo!
Get off the track, you fellows, you,
Or else I'll cut you right in two."

IV.

He's managed by an engineer
Who knows just how to treat him;
He makes him stop, he makes him go
Backward and forward, to and fro,
And never has to beat him.

V.

He does not fancy tunnels much,
Nor curves upon the line,

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But loves to run with might and main
Across a wide extended plain,
Or down a long incline.

VI.

"Choo-choo!" he says; "choo-choo! choo-choo!
Get off the track, you fellows, you,
Or else I'll cut you right in two."

VII.

When he comes near a crossing road,
He goes not quite so fast,
And rings a bell, that all who hear
May know the locomotive's near,
And wait till he has passed.

VIII.

Thus the great trundler travels on
His course from day to day:
Look out for *him* when he's in view;
The monster can't look out for you;
All he can say is, "Choo-choo-choo!"
When thundering on his way.

XVI.—*THE MILKY WAY.*

IF you go out of doors some fine, bright night, and look up at the sky, you will see, stretching right across the heavens, something that looks very much like a thin, long, narrow cloud. It is called "the milky way."

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2. If we could look at this through a telescope, we should find that what looks so much like a cloud, to our naked eyes, is really a great multitude of stars.

3. It is just the same when we see a large building illuminated. There is a great window in front of the building. It is filled with lighted lamps or candles. When we stand close to it, we can see each lamp or candle by itself; but if we go a long way off, and then turn round to look at it, it will seem as if the light from the different candles had all united to make one great blaze.

4. And it is just so with the stars in the milky way. There are so many of them, and they are so far off from us, that when we look at them the light that shines from them seems all to mingle together, so as to appear like a bright cloud. There are millions and millions of stars in that one cloud or company.

5. And then there are a great many other clouds of stars, as large as that, in other parts of the heavens. Each one of these clouds has, it may be, as many millions on millions of stars in it as there are in the milky way; and when we come to put these all together, oh what a multitude of stars they make!

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XVII.—*BRAVE BOBBY.*

SOME years ago a ship bound for China had on board, with other passengers, an officer, his wife, their only child, a little boy five years old, and a large Newfoundland dog called Bobby.

2. Everybody in the ship liked Bobby, he was so good-tempered and frolicsome, but the little boy was the dog's constant playmate. He was a merry little fellow, and as fond of Bobby as Bobby was of him.

3. One day, while the little boy and the dog were romping together, the ship gave a roll, and splash went the child into the sea.

4. A cry was raised, "A hand over! a hand over!" and the brave dog sprang over the side of the ship, clearing it like a grayhound, and swam toward the stern.

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5. The little boy's father, half frantic, leaped with others into the jolly-boat; but it was too dark to see far before them. All gave the child up for lost.

6. At last they heard a splash on the left side of the ship. "Pull on, quick!" cried the father. The boat was turned, the men pulled with greater force, and in a moment brave Bobby, holding up the child with his mouth, was alongside. Joy! joy! joy!

7. The boat was rowed back to the ship, the half-drowned boy was recovered, the parents were delighted, and brave Bobby was patted and caressed by all.

8. At the Cape of Good Hope the passengers were to be landed. The officer got into the boat with his wife and child, but he told the sailors to hold the Newfoundland dog tightly by the collar till the boat was some distance from the ship. "You will then see," said he, "what a strong swimmer he is."

9. Brave Bobby pulled and tugged to get loose, but all in vain, for they held him till the boat was near the shore. No sooner did the officer give the signal than the dog was set at liberty, and away he went full dash into the sea.

10. Suddenly the poor animal set up a shrill howl, and threw himself out of the water. At

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first it was thought he had been seized with cramp; but it was worse than that—a shark was after him.

11. "A shark! a shark!" sounded from the boat to the ship. Bobby swam right and left, and dived and doubled, showing his teeth, and never allowing the shark time to turn on his back, without doing which the monster could not bite him.

12. The officer in the boat soon saw that there was little chance of reaching the spot in time to save the dog. Poor Bobby swam and dodged, and was almost exhausted. "Stop rowing," cried the officer to the men, "and turn the boat round."

13. Just at this moment the shark, which had got very close to the dog, turned on his back and opened his horrid mouth.

14. Bobby was all but gone. His master rose, leveled his gun and fired. In a moment the water was tinged with blood; the horrid jaws of the shark were shattered to pieces.

15. The men then rowed to the spot where Bobby was swimming about. The officer pulled the dog into the boat, the child threw his little arms around him, and the men in the boat and the sailors in the ship cried out with joy, "Hurrah! hurrah! joy! joy! Bobby is safe! the shark is killed! Hurrah! hurrah!"

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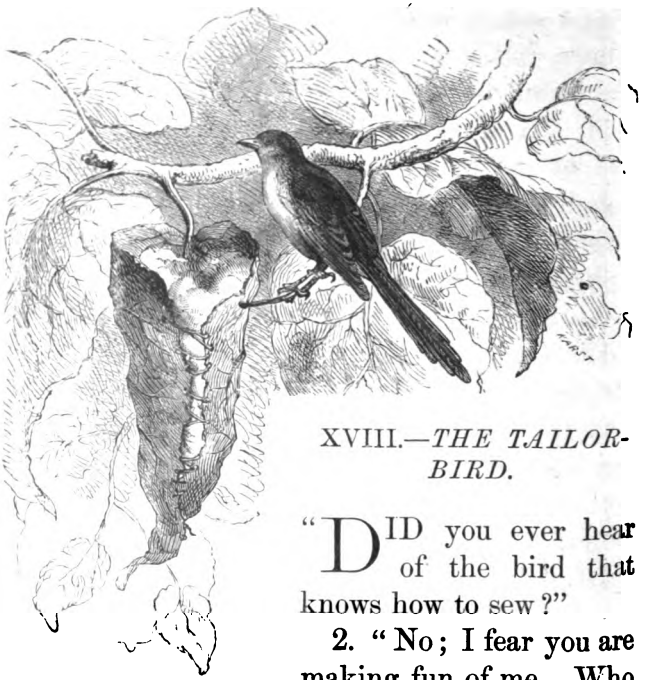

XVIII.—*THE TAILOR-BIRD.*

"DID you ever hear of the bird that knows how to sew?"

2. "No; I fear you are making fun of me. Who ever heard of a bird that could sew? Where could it get its needle and thread? Where could it get its thimble?"

3. "What I tell you is true. There is a bird called the *tailor-bird*, because it knows something of the art of the tailor, and sews its nest.

4. "This bird is a native of India. I do not think it is to be found in our country. The way in which it makes its nest is quite odd. It chooses a leaf, one that hangs from the end of a small

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twig; along the edge of this leaf it makes a row of holes."

5. "But how can it make the holes without a needle?"

6. "Can you not guess? Has it not something sharp as a needle? Look and see. Why, it uses its beak, to be sure; and it uses it just as a cobbler uses his awl. It does not need a thimble.

7. "When the holes are made, the bird gets a thread; and this is a long fiber of some plant which the little feathered tailor knows where to find.

8. "Having got its thread, the bird passes it through the holes and draws the sides of the leaf down, so as to form a kind of hollow cone, with the point down. You must learn to know the shape of a cone. The nest in the picture is partly like a cone.

9. "When the bird cannot find one leaf that is large enough for its need, it will sew two leaves together. Within the hollow it thus makes, it puts some soft white down, like short cotton-wool, and then this wise little tailor-bird has a warm, neat nest for its young and itself."

QUESTIONS.

What bird can sew? In what country is the tailor-bird found? Do you know where India is? How long do you think it would take to go there? What does the bird use for thread? Do you know of any plant that has long fibers? Do you think this bird could sew a coat? What things have you seen that have the shape of a cone?

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XIX.—*THE WORLD.*

I.

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully drest.

II.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

III.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

IV.

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot."

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XX.—*A WONDERFUL BALL.*

I HAVE heard of a wonderful ball which floats in the sweet blue air, and has little soft, white clouds about it as it swims along.

2. There are many charming and astonishing things to be told of this ball, and some of them you shall hear.

3. In the first place, you must know that it is a very big ball—far bigger than the great soft ball, of bright colors, that little Charlie plays with on the floor. Yes, indeed; and bigger than Cousin Frank's largest football that he brought home from college in the spring; bigger, too, than that fine round globe in the schoolroom.

4. It is so large that trees can grow on it, and men and women can live on it, and little children, too. In some places it is soft and green, like the long meadow between the hills. Then, again, it is steep and rough, covered with great hills, much higher than that one behind the schoolhouse—so high that when you look up ever so far you cannot see the tops of them.

5. But in some parts there are no hills at all, and quiet little ponds of blue water, where the white water-lilies grow, and silvery fishes play among the stems.

6. Now, if we look on another side of the ball, we shall see no ponds, but something very [illegible]

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I am afraid you will not like it. A great plain of sand—sand like that on the seashore, only here there is no sea; and the sand stretches away farther than you can see on every side. There are no trees, and the sunshine beats down, almost burning whatever is beneath it. Perhaps you think this would be a grand place to build sand-houses.

7. Look at one more side of this ball as it turns round. Jack Frost must have spent all his longest winter nights here, for see what a palace of ice he has built for himself! Does it not look cold, the clear blue ice—almost as blue as the air? And look at the snow, drifts upon drifts, and the air filled with feathery flakes even now.

8. Now, what do you think of this ball, so white and cold, so soft and green, so quiet and blue, so dreary and rough, as it floats along in the sweet blue air, with the flocks of white clouds about it?

9. I will tell you one thing more. The wise men have said that this earth on which we live is nothing more nor less than just such a ball Of this we shall know when we are older and wiser.

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XXI.—*THE RADIATE.*

AS Jane and Emma were walking along the beach, they saw at a distance a gentleman who seemed to be, like themselves, rambling about in search of shells and pebbles; at any rate, he stopped now and then, and appeared to be looking attentively at something in the sand and poking it with the end of his cane.

2. When the girls had walked a little farther, and had come pretty near where the gentleman was, their attention was suddenly arrested by a curious-looking animal in the shape of a star, which was lying flat upon the ground. The sea

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had washed it up, and then receding, had left it there upon the sand.

3. While they were looking at this strange object, and wondering what it was the gentleman came up to look, too.

4. "Ah!" said he, "you have found a *radiate*."

5. "Is that the name of it, sir?" asked Jane.

6. "That is the name of the class of animals that it belongs to," replied the gentleman. "They commonly call this particular fish a star-fish, because it is in the shape of a star."

7. "I don't think that is a very pretty name," said Emma.

8. "It *has* a much prettier name," said the gentleman, "though it is rather harder to remember, for it is a kind of Latin name. It is the *aste'rias*."

9. "That is a very pretty name," said Emma.

10. "You must try to remember it," said the gentleman. "And remember, too, that it is what they call a *radiated* animal."

11. "There are a number of different classes of animals, entirely unlike each other in the manner in which they are made. There are back-boned animals, and jointed-shelled animals, and radiated animals."

12. "I don't think those are very pretty names, either," said Jane.

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13. "No," said the gentleman. "They have prettier names, but they are harder to remember.

14. "The jointed-shelled animals, like the lobster, are called *articulates*. Articulate means jointed together.

15. "The back-boned animals are called vertebrates. Vertebrate means a joint of a back-bone.

16. "A fish is a vertebrate, and so is a dog, and so is a bird, and so is a man. They all have back-bones.

17. "But a lobster and a crab have no back-bone, but are jointed-shelled, and so they are articulates.

18. "So all insects are articulates, because they have no back-bone within their bodies, but only a jointed shell outside, though this shell is very thin and delicate.

19. "But these radiates have no back-bone, and no jointed shell, either. The parts of their bodies go out every way from the centre to the circumference, like rays from the sun, and so they are called radiates.

20. "There are a great many kinds of radiated animals that live in the sea, and you may perhaps find some more of them along the shore."

21. So saying, the gentleman passed on, leaving the two girls to look at the asterias a little longer, and then they went on, too.

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XXII.—*THE FISHERS.*

I.

ALL among the slippery rocks,
Wetting shoes and spoiling frocks,
See Frank, and May, and little Flo!
Net in hand, they cunning look
In each sea-weed hidden nook,
And watch the prawns dart to and fro.

II.

"Catch them—catch them quick!" cries May.
"Hold the net down—that's the way,
Just as the fisherman would do."
In the water, Frank, knee deep,
Sinks his net and makes a sweep,
And some are caught, and some leap through.

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III.

"Will they bite me?" falters Flo.
Braver May replies, "Oh no!
Now, hold the basket—that's the thing.
Shut the lid, or out again
They'll jump back; and what would Jane
Say, if no supper home we bring?"

IV.

The prawns they swim, the prawns they leap;
But suddenly the pool gets deep,
And little Flo calls out to May.
The rising tide has nearly caught her,
And filled her little shoes with water,
And, see! the basket floats away.

V.

Frank, in alarm, flings down his net,
And catches Flo (his darling pet),
And in his arms he holds her tight.
"Grasp my jacket, May!" he cries,
As to gain the shore he tries,
And struggles on with all his might.

VI.

Wet—as wet as wet can be—
Stand the little shivering three,
No prawns, no basket, and no net.
Long, I think, 't will be ere they
Are allowed to go and play
At catching prawns and getting wet.

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XXIII.—*HOW PLANTS GROW.*

"MOTHER, I have just found out something," said little Amy Dudley. "Can you guess what it is?"

2. "No, indeed. I must get you to tell me," said Mrs. Dudley.

3. "It is that flowers grow without eating anything at all," cried the child, with the air of a person who has made a grand discovery.

4. "Not without drinking, though," answered her mother, looking rather amused.

5. "Drinking, mother!" cried Amy. "Why, they have got no mouths."

6. "Nevertheless, they drink," replied Mrs. Dudley.

7. "How *can* they?" said Amy, earnestly.

8. "Do you not water your rosebush every day?" said her mother.

9. "Yes, to wash it clean; it makes it look fresh. It gets all faded when I forget."

10. "Because it is so thirsty," returned Mrs. Dudley. "I think that if the rosebush had a voice, it would cry about it when you neglect it. I should, I know, if I were a rosebush; for I don't like being thirsty at all."

11. "Mother, you are laughing at me, I know," said Amy.

12. "No. I am not, indeed. The rosebush has

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really not one mouth only, but a great many. You cannot see them because they are all under ground. They are at the ends of all the roots. I will show you some day how the ends have little spongy things fixed to them which suck up the food of the plants. So the water which sinks in the earth, when you pour it over the flowers, can get into these little spongy mouths you see, and go up into the plants."

13. "How funny, mother!" cried Amy. "Why, that is just as if we drank with our feet. But we could n't live if we had only water and nothing to eat; could we?"

14. "No," said her mother; "but you see it is not only water that the plants and trees get, for you must remember that the water goes through the mold, and it gets a great deal of goodness out of that. We might call it *mold broth*, and it must be very strong stuff, as it feeds all those great oaks and elms and fir trees, that can stand so firmly and so upright, even when the wind blows quite violently."

15. "I should n't like mold broth, mother," said Amy, making a great face.

16. "No, I dare say not, any more than the trees and plants would like meat and bread and butter"

17. "They could n't bite that sort of food," said Amy, laughing. "I think the trees are like babies: they only drink; they can't eat."

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18. "And yet some trees are very old," answered her mother. "I have seen a good many that are more than a hundred years old."

19. "Oh how very old!" exclaimed Amy. "Do you think, mother, that I could grow strong and tall, as the trees do, if I had only milk or broth to drink, and nothing to eat?"

20. "No," said her mother; "you would do better on milk than on broth; but now that you are not a baby, you want food to eat as well as to drink, to make you strong and tall. God has made both you and the tree in such a way that you both want food. Neither of you could live without it; but you are not made alike, and so you want different kinds of food."

21. "And cows and sheep, mother," said Amy; "they eat too, but they don't have what I do, nor what the trees have; they eat grass. And that would n't make us strong, would it?"

22. "Us? Whom do you mean by us?" asked her mother.

23. "Me and the trees, mother," replied Amy.

24. "No; neither you nor your green friends," returned her mother; "because you have not either of you, stomachs like the cows and sheep."

25. "Have the trees got stomachs at all?" asked Amy.

26. "They have what answers the same purpose," returned her mother.

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27. "But they eat with their feet, and the sheep eat with their heads, and I take up things with my hands and put them into my mouth. So I have what the trees have not and what the sheep have not; I have hands," cried Amy.

28. "You cannot quite call the roots of the trees feet," said her mother, laughing, "for they cannot walk with them."

29. "No; they can only stand. I should n't like to be always standing in one place," said Amy, drawing a deep breath and looking as if the very thought tired her. "How dreadful it must be!"

30. "And yet the trees do not look very unhappy, do they?" remarked her mother, quietly.

31. Amy seemed very much amused at the idea, and said, "No; because they have no faces. Oh, I am so glad that I am not a sheep or a tree! I have lots of things that they have not, either of them."

32. "Indeed, you have," said Mrs. Dudley, rather gravely. "God has made the trees in a wonderful way, and he has made the sheep so that they can eat and drink and enjoy themselves and be very happy in the green fields. But he has given to my little girl a great deal more than he has given to either trees or beasts, and he cares a great deal more for her."

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XXIV.—*THE BEAR AND THE CHILDREN.*

I WILL tell you of an incident which occurred once in a country town in the south of Germany. The master of a dancing-bear was sitting in the dining-room of an inn, eating his supper, whilst the bear (poor harmless beast!) was tied up behind the wood-pile in the yard.

2. In the room up stairs three little children were playing. Tramp! tramp! was suddenly heard on the stairs. Who could it be? The door flew open, and, behold! there entered the bear—the huge, shaggy beast—with his clanking chain.

3. Tired of standing so long in the yard alone, Bruin had at length found his way to the staircase. At first the little children were in a terrible

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fright at this unexpected visit, and each ran into a corner to hide himself. But the bear found them all out, and put his nose, snuffing, up to them, but did not harm them in the least. He must be a big dog, thought the children; and they began to stroke him familiarly.

4. The bear stretched himself out at his full length upon the floor, and the youngest boy rolled over him, and nestled his curly head in the shaggy black fur of the beast; then the eldest boy went and brought his drum and thumped away on it with might and main, whereupon the bear stood upon his hind legs and began to dance, as he had been trained to do.

5. What glorious fun! Each boy shouldered his musket; the bear must of course have one too, and he held it tight and firm like any soldier. There 's a comrade for you, my lads! and away they marched—one, two—one, two.

6. The door suddenly opened, and the children's mother entered. You should have seen her—speechless with terror, her cheeks white as a sheet and her eyes fixed with horror. But the youngest boy nodded with a look of intense delight, and cried, "Mother, we are only playing at soldiers."

7. At that moment the master of the bear appeared, and led him away to a good supper before shutting him up for the night.

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XXV.—*THE WILD-STRAWBERRY FLOWER.*

I.

STRAWBERRY blossoms, one and all,
We must spare them—here are many!
Look at it, the flower is small—
Small and low, though fair as any.

II.

Pull the daisies, sister Ann—
Pull as many as you can;
Fill your lap and fill your bosom;
Only spare the strawberry blossom.

III.

Daisies leave no fruit behind
When the pretty flowerets die;
Pluck them, and another year
As many will be growing here.

IV.

God has given a kindlier power
To the favored strawberry flower:
When the months of spring are fled,
Hither let us bend our walk;
Lurking berries, ripe and red,
Then will hang on every stalk,
Each within its leafy bower;
For that promise spare the flower!

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XXVI.—*FIRST VIEW OF THE SEA.*

HARRY had often heard and read of the sea, but he had never seen it. He was therefore much pleased when his father told him that the cottage where the family were to spend the summer was on the seacoast.

2. As soon as the carriage stopped at the gate, Harry and Lucy got out and ran toward the cottage. The cottage was at the foot of a hill covered with trees, and in front was a nice lawn surrounded with evergreens.

3. There was also a honeysuckle porch and a bow-window, and the rooms, though small, were neat and well furnished. Harry and Lucy quickly went over the whole house and grounds, and Lucy, in particular, was delighted with all she saw.

4. "In one thing," said Harry, "I am disappointed—and a great thing."

5. Lucy, opening her eyes wide, said, "What, dear Harry?"

6. "The sea," said Harry; "no view of the sea anywhere. I thought the cottage was to be on the seashore."

7. And so it was, but the sea was hidden by the evergreens. Harry persuaded Lucy to put off unpacking their trunk, and to go out with him in search of the sea.

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8. He led the way, and as they went round the little lawn she stopped to admire every new flower and shrub. He ran on, joyfully shouting, "This is the way!—follow, follow, follow!"

9. But suddenly he stopped and was silent, struck with the first sight of the ocean. Lucy followed, and turning abruptly the corner of a rock which had hid the view from her, exclaimed, "The sea! the sea!"

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10. They stood for some moments in silence, looking at the vast extent of water, far, far as the eye could reach, bounded only by the sky.

11. It was a still evening; the tide was ebbing, and there was a long bright light upon the water, while the green and white waves, curling gently over each other, moved on continually.

12. "How beautiful! how grand!" exclaimed Lucy. "Is it not more beautiful and grand than you expected?"

13. "It is," said Harry. "But, hush! I want to look and to listen to it."

14. Lucy stood beside her brother a little while longer, and then ran back to the house to call her mother to come and look at it before the red sun should be quite set. Her mother came, and they found Harry still on the same spot, fixed in admiration.

15. His mother seemed to know what he felt and thought, and to sympathize with him just as he wished. She expressed for him in words that for which he could not find utterance—the ideas of boundless extent, duration, power; the feelings of admiration, astonishment and awe.

16. While his soul was thus impressed, she selected the proper moment to raise his thoughts still higher—even to that Power by which the ocean, the sun, the earth, and we ourselves, were created and are preserved.

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XXVII.—*THE DUKE AND THE COW-BOY.*

ONE day a Scotch nobleman, who took a great interest in farming, bought a cow from a gentleman in his neighborhood. The cow was to be sent home the next morning.

2. Early in the morning, as the duke was taking a walk, he saw a boy trying in vain to drive the cow to his residence. The cow was very unruly, and the poor boy could not manage her at all.

3. The boy, not knowing the duke, bawled out to him, "Hallo, man! come here and help me with this beast." The duke walked slowly on, not seeming to notice the boy, who still kept

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calling for his help. At last, finding he could not get on with the cow, he cried out in distress, "Come here, man, and help me, and I'll give you half of whatever I get."

4. The duke went and lent a helping hand.

"And now," said the duke as they trudged along after the cow, "how much do you think you will get for the job?"

5. "I don't know," said the boy; "but I'm sure of something, for the folks at the big house are good to everybody."

6. On coming to a lane near the house, the duke slipped away from the boy and entered by a different way. Calling a servant, he put a gold-piece into his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy who brought the cow."

7. He then returned to the end of the lane where he had parted from the boy, so as to meet him on his way back.

8. "Well, how much did you get?" asked the duke.

9. "A shilling," said the boy; "and there's half of it to you."

10. "But surely you got more than a shilling?" said the duke.

11. "No," said the boy; "that is all I got, and I think it quite enough."

12. "I do not," said the duke. "There must be some mistake; and as I am acquainted with

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the duke, if you return I think I 'll see that you get more."

13. They went back. The duke rang the bell and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

14. "Now," said the duke to the boy, "point me out the person who gave you the shilling."

15. "It was that man there," said he, pointing to the butler.

16. The butler fell on his knees, confessed his fault and begged to be forgiven, but the duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the gold-piece and quit his service immediately.

17. "You have lost," said the duke, "your money, your situation and your character by your deceitfulness. Learn for the future that honesty is the best policy."

18. The boy now found out who it was that had helped him to drive the cow; and the duke was so pleased with the manliness and honesty of the boy that he sent him to school and provided for him at his own expense.

QUESTIONS.

In what country do you think this happened? What makes you think it was that country? What did the duke buy? How was the cow sent to him? How did the boy succeed in managing the cow? Whom did he call to help him? What bargain did he make with the duke? Can you tell the rest of the story? Do you know the Golden Rule? Which of these persons obeyed the Golden Rule, and which did not?

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XXVIII.—*THE DAFFODIL.*

I.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY
Came up in the cold
Through the brown mold,
Although the March breezes
Blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow
Lay on many a place.

II.

Daffy-down-dilly
Had heard under ground
The sweet rushing sound
Of the streams, as they broke
From their white winter chains;
Of the whistling spring winds
And the pattering rains.

III.

"Now, then," thought Daffy,
Deep down in her heart,
"It's time I should start."
So she pushed her soft leaves
Through the hard-frozen ground,
Quite up to the surface,
And then she looked round.

IV.

There was snow all about her;
Gray clouds overhead;
The trees all looked dead.

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Then how do you think
Poor Daffy-down felt,
When the sun would not shine,
And the ice would not melt?

V.

"Cold weather!" thought Daffy,
Still working away:
"The earth's hard to-day!
There's but a half inch
Of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that
Is more yellow than green.

VI.

"I can't do much yet;
But I'll do what I can:
It's well I began!
For unless I can manage
To lift up my head,
The people will think
That the Spring herself's dead."

VII.

So, little by little,
She brought her leaves out,
All clustered about;
And then her bright flowers
Began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed
In her spring green and gold.

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VIII.

O Daffy-down-dilly,
So brave and so true!
I wish all were like you!
So ready for duty
In all sorts of weather,
And loyal to courage
And duty together!

XXIX.—*HOW GOD'S WORKS PRAISE HIM.*

LET us look for some illustration of God's goodness in the world around us. Well, to begin with, look up. There is the sky. What color is it? Blue. Is blue a beautiful color? Yes; there is none more beautiful.

2. On a bright day, after a storm, how pleasant it is to look up to the deep, clear, beautiful blue of the sky! I have sometimes stood and gazed at it till it has made me feel so glad and happy that I have been ready to clap my hands for joy, and say, "Thank God for the beautiful blue sky!"

3. But does the sky just *happen* to be blue? Does it make itself blue? No; God makes it blue on purpose, because he knows that blue is a color which it is pleasant for us to look at.

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It helps to make us happy, and God loves to make his people happy.

4. Suppose that the sky were always of a dull leaden color, or always "black as sackcloth of hair," what a different world this would be! But when we look up to the beautiful blue sky, and remember what pleasure it gives us, we see here how one of God's works praises him by showing forth his goodness.

5. Now, let us look at the woods and fields. What color are they? Green. And is green a beautiful color? Yes; it is one of the most pleasant of all colors for the eye to rest on. When spring first comes, and the new grass springs up from the earth, and the trees of the forest put forth their young leaves, how much pleasure and delight it gives us to look out on the fresh green color which covers the fields and woods!

6. Suppose that the grass of the fields and the leaves of the trees were all as white as snow; would that be pleasant to us? No. Whenever the sun shone upon them, we should be dazzled and blinded. It would be painful for us to look at them. When we walked through the fields or the woods in the daytime, we should have to shade our eyes in order to keep off the disagreeable glare. A green covering for the earth is pleasant, and shows God's goodness.

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7. But suppose some one should come in here with a question like this: You say it is a proof of God's goodness that he covers the earth with green instead of white? Yes, certainly it is. But are there not some countries which are covered with white snow all the year round instead of green grass? Yes. Well, is God as good in those countries as he is in ours? Yes, just as good. How do you prove it?

8. Easily enough. The countries where snow lies on the ground all the year have very little sunshine. For six months in the year they have none at all. It is as dark as midnight there. A covering of snowy whiteness is the best and the pleasantest one for the earth to put on there. It proves that God is just as wise and as good in those northern regions of the earth as he is in these milder ones where we live.

9. But a white covering for the earth would not be suitable for us. We have so much bright sunshine that we need something to take off its glare; and green is the very best color of all for this.

10. The sky and the earth are the two things of which we see the most. And when we consider how God has covered the sky with blue and the earth with green—two colors the most pleasant of all for us to look at—we see here how God's works praise him by showing his goodness.

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XXX.—*THE UNJUST JUDGE.*

DOWN in a pleasant valley, near a prattling stream which turned a mill, a rich man had bought a fine farm, where he dwelt at his ease and had all the comforts that wealth can procure. He was a lawyer from the neighboring town, where he was reported to have gained a great deal of money by the practice of his profession.

2. Whether this money had been made honestly or otherwise was not very clearly known.

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But it seemed certain that the new-comer was rich, and he soon made acquaintances and was declared to be a highly respectable man.

3. One day, as he sat at his breakfast, a visitor was announced, and the lawyer ordered him to be admitted. He proved to be an old farmer who had lived for many years in the valley. He was invited to take a seat. He accepted the invitation, and began to make known the purpose of his visit.

4. "It is a very disagreeable and unfortunate affair that has brought me to see you, worthy sir," he began, "and my only consolation in the matter is that what has occurred has been through no fault of mine."

5. "And pray what has happened?" asked the lawyer.

6. "Why, it is a very unpleasant affair. I would have given a great deal rather than it should occur. But as I said before, you will find that it has not been through any fault of mine."

7. "But, my good friend, you do not tell me what *has* happened," repeated the lawyer.

8. "Well, it is an unpleasant thing. Last night my bull gored one of your oxen, and this morning the ox died. I am come to ask you what I am to do. How am I to make good the damage done to you?"

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9. "I have always considered you to be a very sensible man," said the lawyer, "and accordingly had a great regard for you. Now I see that you are also a just man, and I value you so much the more. I shall take one of your oxen in return for the one that has been killed, and I fancy you will consider that just."

10. "It is no more than what is right," said the farmer. "But what was I saying? I have made a blunder. It was not *my* bull that gored your ox, but *your* bull that gored mine, so that it died."

11. The lawyer was somewhat disconcerted at this, and observed, "Ah! that's another thing. I will investigate the affair, and if I find that it—"

12. "IF!" said the farmer, interrupting him. "You would not make use of an *if* if you were as ready to do justice to others as you are to demand it of them."

QUESTIONS.

What happened to the farmer's ox? What is meant by "gored"? If you had been telling the story, should you have said "gored" or "hooked"? Did the farmer state the case right at first? Whose ox did the lawyer at first suppose was hurt? What did he propose to do? Was he ready to be treated in the same way when he found that it was the farmer's ox that was hurt? What would he have proposed if he had been a just man?

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XXXI.—*OLD VICTOR.*

I.

OLD Victor! was there ever horse
So gentle and so kind?
His eyes looked through his tangled mane,
His long tail swept behind.

II.

The kitten played about his heels;
Unharmed the chickens fed
Between his patient feet; the doves
Alighted on his head.

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III.

Old Victor was the friend of all;
But still his large, soft eye
Beamed always with a kindlier glance
To see the children nigh.

IV.

They brought him clover in their hands,
With hay they filled his rack,
They stroked his neck, they combed his mane,
They climbed upon his back.

V.

One day he watched them while they played
Beside the rushing stream;
To pick a flower Jane stooped too near;
He hears a splash, a scream.

VI.

The whirling eddies drew her in,
She almost sank from sight;
Her little sister shrieked for help,
Tom ran away with fright.

VII.

Old Victor heard, old Victor saw,
And quick, before she sank,
Dashed in; he holds her floating dress,
He draws her to the bank.

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VIII.

The anxious mother heard the cries—
"Come quick! she'll drown!"—and wild
With terror, to the river's brink
She ran to save her child.

IX.

There, drenched and dripping, on the grass
Sat Jane; beside her stood
The dear old horse—was ever horse
So gentle and so good?

XXXII.—*THE PANIC; OR, WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?*

"WHAT'S it all about?" said one of Mrs. Sell's ducks to her friend as they listened to a splashing noise in the little brook-dam.

2. "I cannot think," quacked Duckie. "Let's go and see;" and they sailed down the brook to the place, and found a great piece of wood which had fallen across the bank, and the water was splashing over it. The rest of the ducks, seeing these two in such a hurry to get to this spot, waddled into the brook, and swam off in the same direction, supposing they should hear some wonderful news.

3. It was difficult for their two companions to make them believe the truth, and they all quacked

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so loud that a hen who was walking out with her ten little chickens thought she must go and see what had happened. So she told her little family to remain very quiet under the wall, and to mind and not touch the corn that would be thrown down for them till she returned.

4. The quacking of the ducks and the clucking of the hen went over the churchyard into the shepherd's garden, where Drover the dog lay dozing in the sun. He started up, pricked up his ears and bounded across the churchyard.

5. A cow that was grazing in the lane, seeing him scamper at such a rate, thought it wise to follow him; so, having filled her mouth, she walked deliberately round the corner to the place that Drover seemed to make for. In his way he saw the potter's horse standing in the pasture.

6. "Hey, Drover," said the horse, "what's the matter?"

7. "Who knows?" said Drover. "I'm going to see. Don't you hear the noise?"

8. So the horse went up to the hedge and looked over on to the brook, but, being old and tired, he could n't make up his mind to go any nearer.

9. "Have you heard?" said an old crow.

10. "What?" said the others.

11. "Oh, such a noise!—a fight, I should think. I saw Drover running as if to break his

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neck, and the old cow and the potter's horse are on the road, and I don't know who besides."

12. "Oh, let's go, by all means," said the crows. So they flew off, and took possession of the willows that hung over the brook.

13. "What fun!" said a sparrow. "The crows have gone to see some grand doings somewhere. Let us go too;" and away went a whole flock of sparrows who had been busy a minute before with the farmer's currant bushes.

14. Very remarkable!" said an old jackdaw. "What it can be about I cannot guess. I propose, my brethren, to call a meeting and consult what it is best to do." And so all the jackdaws might be seen coming out of their holes in the church-tower and ranging themselves solemnly along the ledge near the top, on the side facing the brook.

15. "Is it an invasion of the French?" said one. "Is it a company of masons coming to repair the church?" said another. "That would very much interfere with us and our nests."

16. Now, just as Drover got to the brook, the two ducks having convinced their friends that there was no secret cause for their movement, the whole party were sailing calmly down the stream, and the quacking had completely ceased.

17. "What's it all about?" said Drover to the last of them.

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18. "What?" said the duck.

19. "Why, the noise," said Drover.

20. "Nothing," said the duck.

21. "Nothing," said the hen, going back to her chickens.

22. "Nothing," said Drover, with a mixture of contempt and vexation at having had his run for nothing.

23. "Did he say *nothing*, Mr. Drover?" said the old cow, who went at once to eating grass again.

24. "Nothing," called out the old horse from over the wall. "How glad I am I didn't go any farther!"

25. "Nothing, nothing," jabbered the sparrows. "What fun! Only think of taking in all these good folks!" and they flew to the currant bushes again.

26. "Nothing," said the crows, who flew over to Mrs. Sell's yard to pick up the corn that was put for the chickens.

27. "Nothing," said the daws. "How very silly to make such a fuss about nothing!"

28. "Very!" said Kitty Kalby's old brindled cat, who had been feasting on some of the deserted chickens while their mother was gone to find out "what the noise was all about."

29. And so the water went on splashing over the wood, but there was an end of the wonder.

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XXXIII.—*NOT AFRAID TO WORK.*

SCENE I.—Near a steamboat landing.

MR. BENTON. Will one of you lads carry my carpet-bag to the hotel, as I wish to walk a short distance?

Tom Brown (*gruff and defiant*). Catch me carrying anybody's traps for him! I don't have to work for my living. [*Walking off.*

Henry Ashton (*stepping forward and taking the carpet-bag*). I will carry it for you, sir.

Mr. B. How is it that you are willing to do

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this, while I should guess from your dress that you are better off than your companion?

Hen. Why, sir, I wish to do all I can to help my mother, and so I never throw away a chance to do any little job. My father died last year, and though my mother keeps me at school, I know it is hard for her to get along, and I am going to try to find a situation as soon as this quarter is out.

Mr. B. And how about your companion?

Hen. Oh, Tom Brown is my second cousin. His folks are poor enough; but Tom says he has a rich uncle somewhere, who is going to leave him all his property when he dies, so he won't do anything.

Mr. B. Ah? Tom Brown, you say! But there are a good many Tom Browns here, doubtless: I will see.

Hen. If you please, sir, I should like to hurry a little, as the school-bell is ringing, and I must run home first for my books.

Mr. B. (*walking along*). Do you live near?

Hen. Yes, sir; in a part of a small brick house just around that corner.

Mr. B. Well, run along. You may give the carpet-bag to the porter, or leave it at the office. Good-morning. (*Mr. B. places a dollar in Henry's hand, and they walk off in opposite directions.*)

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Hen. (*looking at the money, then suddenly returning*). Please, sir, you have made a mistake. This is a dollar you have given me.

Mr. B. Oh no; that is all right.

Hen. Thank you, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—HENRY and TOM enter from opposite sides. HENRY has his school-books.

Tom. Well, so you have turned errand-boy! What did he give you?—a cent, or two cents?

Hen. A dollar.

Tom. Whew! A dollar for carrying a bag two or three streets! He must have made a mistake. But so much the better for you if he don't find it out.

Hen. (*indignantly*). I told him. I should n't have kept it if he had n't said it was all right.

Tom. What a goose! But now you are so rich, you can treat a fellow to a glass of beer, eh?

Hen. I shall do no such thing. You know I never touch anything of the kind.

Tom. Well, you're mean, that's all. But you might get a couple of prime cigars: come, now.

Hen. No, Tom, I don't spend my money in that way; I have given it to my good mother, who will use it for me if I need it. But we must not stop to talk. I'm going to hurry to school. You'll be late if you don't look out.

Tom. I don't care

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SCENE III.—A room in Mrs. ASHTON'S house. Mrs. ASHTON and Mr. BENTON present. Enter HENRY, in a buoyant manner.

Hen. Here I am, mother, home from school. [*Seeing Mr. B.*] Oh!

Mrs. A. This kind gentleman is Mr. Benton; he has been inquiring about you, my dear, and wishes to help you along in the world.

Mr. B. Yes, I have for some time been looking for an honest, industrious, intelligent boy who needs assistance. I have already helped several such lads, as I do not care to leave a fortune when I die, but prefer to see it well spent while I live. I will give you a good education, and place you in whatever business or profession you are qualified for when the time comes, if you continue to be such a boy as I now have reason to think that you are.

Hen. Oh, sir, I am very much obliged to you; but I could not leave my mother.

Mr. B. No; I should not wish it. You can attend the schools and colleges in this city, and remain at home while pursuing your education. But you will perhaps be more surprised to know that I am Tom Brown's rich uncle, and who is *not* going to leave him his property when he dies.

Hen. Oh, sir, then if you're Tom's uncle, why, he ought to be the one to be helped, and not I.

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Mr. B. So he ought, but he is n't. I knew of the family, but had never seen any of them except the mother, and determined to do well by Tom if he should prove worthy. But I have discovered that he is an idle, worthless fellow, and I cannot carry out my designs with regard to him I am only his mother's uncle by marriage, so you are as much my nephew as Tom, and you may call me uncle.

Hen. I shall love dearly to do so; and perhaps you can do something to make Tom better.

Mr. B. I will do all I can; for he surely needs to improve his habits. He will become a drunkard if he keeps on as he has begun. But I must leave you now. Good-morning.

Mrs. A. and Hen. Good-morning, sir.

XXXIV.—*THE CRICKET AND THE ANTS.*

I.

A SILLY young Cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty, and winter had come.
Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could be seen;
Not a leaf on the tree.
"Oh, what will become"—says the Cricket—"of me?"

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II.

At last, by despair and by famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly Ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
Him shelter from rain,
Or a mouthful of grain:
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay it to-morrow;
If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

III.

Says the Ant to the Cricket, "I'm your servant and friend,
But we Ants never borrow, we Ants never lend.
Yet tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Says the Cricket, "Not I!
My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay—"
"You *sang*, sir, you say?
Go, then," says the Ant, "and *dance* winter away."

IV.

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket,
And out of the door turned the poor little Cricket.

Though this is a fable, the moral is good:
If you live without work, you must go without food.

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XXXV.—*PERO.*

PERO was a splendid large Newfoundland dog, with a white spot under his neck, and white paws. He had a beautiful head, and large brown eyes full of tenderness and courage. He liked everybody, and everybody liked him.

2. He was intimate with all the other animals on the place, and especially fond of a beautiful gray horse named Charlie, with which he used to run races and frolic in the orchard. Pero would jump up and pretend to bite Charlie's nose; then Charlie would run after him in turn, and make believe to trample on him. They really almost laughed.

3. His other especial friend was a tiny white

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kitten that liked to sit on his back as he lay in the sun or before the fire. It was very funny to see her trying patiently to dry her huge friend with her little bit of a tongue when he came in dripping wet from a bath in the river.

4. His only fault was a disposition to come into the house in this state and lie down wherever he found a warm place, without respect for parlor carpets or clean kitchen floors.

5. In summer he was often scrubbed in a large tub in the barn, and his curly black hair combed out, till he looked as nice as any dandy; but if he could possibly escape after his bath, he would roll over and over in the dirty street, until he looked like a brown dog instead of a black one.

6. Several times the door-bell rang, and no one could be seen when the door was opened except Pero standing gravely on the upper step and ready to come in. This was supposed to be the trick of some boy, until one of the children undertook to watch for the rogue, and caught Pero himself pulling the bell-handle with his teeth.

7. He had a very keen scent, and took great pride in displaying his powers. Sometimes the children would leave him in the parlor while they hid a glove among the hay in the barn, but he never failed to find it.

8. If George lost a mitten, he had only to show

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the mate of it to Pero, who would bring it, though it might have been dropped a mile from home. He would come in with his tail wagging and his eyes glistening with delight at his success; and when he had been praised, as he knew he deserved to be, would stretch himself on the rug, with his head on his master's feet, and take a good nap to rest himself.

9. His good nature was unbounded, and his friends could take any liberties with him. But this was the good nature of conscious strength. "It is the gentle heart that makes the hero" in dogs and men, and Pero was a faithful and fierce watch-dog, and a tremendous fighter in a good cause.

10. At one time when George was from home, his rabbits escaped and ran wild around the garden. They were a great temptation to the dogs that passed by, and would soon have been eaten up if Pero had not taken them under his protection and driven away everybody who meddled with them.

11. One day, after chasing a dog a long distance, he came quietly into the nursery and gently dropped in the mother's lap a little white rabbit which had lain entirely concealed in his great mouth. He had saved its life, and brought it entirely unhurt, though rather damp, to his mistress.

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12. He was not in the least quarrelsome, and never hurt a little dog under any provocation, but he would not endure insults from dogs of his own size; so sometimes he had hard fights.

13. One day he was attacked by a large, fierce bull-dog, and a dreadful fight began. A crowd gathered round, and all the women of the family ran out, begging that some one would separate the dogs. But the men said it was very dangerous to interfere; so the women cried, and the men looked placidly on; and the dogs fought, and might have torn each other to pieces if George had not appeared on the scene.

14. He came running at full speed, broke through the ring of men and seized the bull-dog round the throat. Then the men were ashamed not to help him, and George soon emerged from the group, dragging Pero with him. Pero's eyes were red with rage, and he was uttering frightful growls, but he still retained sense enough not to hurt his best friend.

15. Those who saw George do things like this in his boyhood did not wonder afterward that one regiment never broke its ranks though all around it fled, and it was more than once left to face the foe alone.

16. Pero lived to be very old, and his loss at last was such a grief to all that his mistress resolved never to have another dog.

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XXXVI.

THE LITTLE HAREBELL.

I.

"TELL me, little Harebell,
Are you lonely here,
Blooming in the shadow
On this rock so drear,
Clinging to this bit of earth
As if in mid-air,
With your sweet face turned to me,
Looking strangely fair?"

II.

"Lady," said the Wild-flower,
Nodding low its head,
"Though this spot seems dreary,
Though the sunlight 's fled,
Know that I 'm not lonely,
That I ne'er despair—
God is in the shadow,
God is everywhere."

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XXXVII.—*THE SURPRISE.*

(*See Frontispiece.*)

ONE day Charlie Truman and his sister Kate were walking along a pleasant road. Charlie was carrying a pretty little ship, just finished.

2. "Kate," said Charlie, looking at his little ship with delight; "I don't know what *you* think of my little clipper—girls never like such things—but *I* think it is the handsomest ship out."

3. "You know I like it as much as you do," said Kate; "and I think I ought to partly own it, for did n't I hem the sails? Did n't I find the bright ribbons for the flags, too?"

4. "Yes, you did," said Charlie, "and you may own half. It shall be your ship and mine."

5. "Do you mean it? Oh, thank you!" said Kate. Just then they met George Lee.

6. "Oh!" said George; "what a beauty! Where did you get it?"

7. "Old Joliffe gave it to me," said Charlie.

8. "What! that crabbed old sailor?" said George. "How came he to make it for you?"

9. "I 'll tell you," said Kate. "Poor old Joliffe was sick last summer. Charlie was sorry for him, and used to carry him fruit to eat, and when he got better he carried him books and newspapers to read. Old Joliffe was so grateful

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that he told Charlie one day that he was going to give him a surprise when he got well."

10. "We could n't think what he meant. But one day he showed this little ship to Charlie, and asked him if he wanted it."

11. "You may believe I answered him pretty quick," said Charlie.

12. "Yes," said Kate; "and we named it the 'SURPRISE,' for it was a surprise, you know. I made the sails."

13. "I wish old Joliffe would make me one just like it," exclaimed George.

14. "I don't believe he would if he knew you called him 'a crabbed old sailor,'" answered Kate.

15. "Where are you going, and what are you going to do with it now?" asked George.

16. "We are going down to Willow Brook to launch the Surprise," said Charlie. "Don't you want to go too?"

17. "Yes," said George; "you 'll want somebody there to hurrah."

18. By this time they had reached a lovely green meadow. At the farther end were some dark pine woods. A beautiful stream came forth from the woods. You could tell its course through the meadow by the willows that grew along its banks.

19. "Here is a lovely place to play in," said

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Kate, pointing to a mossy hillock in a sort of arbor formed by the drooping branches of the willows.

20. "This *is* a first-rate place," said Charlie. "We will play that the branches are the roof of a big house where we have built the Surprise."

21. "Hoh!" cried George; "they don't build ships in houses."

22. "Yes, they do sometimes," said Charlie; "for when I went to the navy-yard, I saw three big houses where they were building ships."

23. "Yes," said Kate; "and we will play that our clipper is a war-ship."

24. "How are you going to launch her?" inquired George.

25. "I am going to wedge her in between these two rocks so," said Charlie. "Now, when I say 'Three,' I am going to push her off the stocks, and you must both hurrah."

26. "Yes, yes, we will," said Kate.

27. So Charlie counted "One—two—*three!*" at the same time he gave the little clipper a push with his hand and started her off into the water.

28. "Hurrah!" said Kate, dancing with joy.

29. "Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted George, throwing up his cap; and Charlie was so excited that he too joined in and hurrahed with all his might.

30. It almost seemed as if the little ship was

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alive and knew what pleasure she was giving; for after she had run down stream a little way, she glided into a little basin or bay, where she stopped and bowed and curtsied so gracefully that the children were wild with delight.

31. After they had watched her a while, George said, "We can't have half as much fun if we play it is a war-ship."

32. "Sure enough," said Kate. "There is no war now. Let's play it is a merchant-ship."

33. "All right," said Charlie. "Where shall we send her?"

34. "I'll tell you," said George; "I will go on the other side of the brook and play it is China; and when the ship comes over to me, I will load her with tea and silk."

35. "Well," said Kate, "and I will stay on this side and play it is the United States, and when the ship comes to me, I will take off the tea and silk and load her with cotton."

36. "Good!" said Charlie; "and I'll be the captain and manage her sailing."

37. And thus the children played, and had such a good time that I don't know but they would have played for a week if they had not heard the dinner-bell sound, which reminded them it was time to go home.

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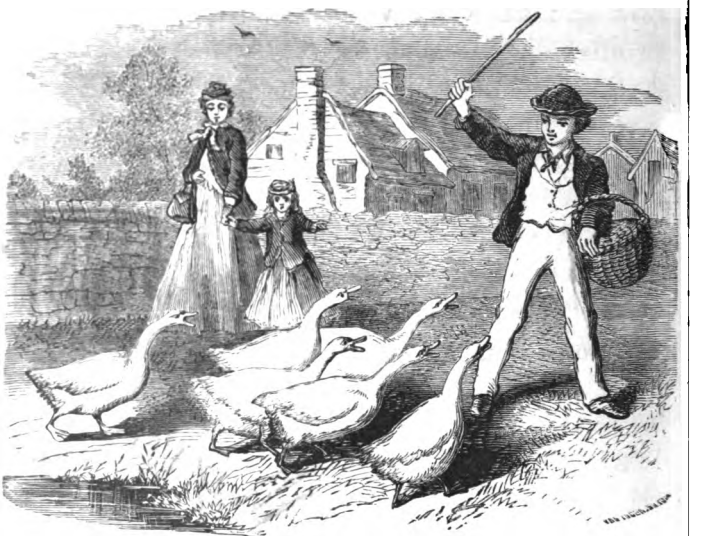

XXXVIII.—*GABBLING GEESE.*

"MAMMA, just look at those silly-looking geese! Did you ever see anything so ridiculous as they look with their long necks stretched out, flying after that boy just as though they were going to eat him? and making such a noise, too! I am sure no one would ever take any notice of them if they would only be quiet and keep out of the way. They almost seem to call the cook to come and quiet them."

2. "I dare say that you would be rather surprised, if you were in China, to find that a wedding procession is not considered complete unless

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some of these birds form part of it, they being considered by the Chinese as the emblem of domestic happiness."

3. "How funny! But I should think the Chinese would be about the only people likely to invite geese to form part of any procession."

4. "There was a time when a great annual festival was held in their honor, and by no less a people than the Romans. One of these birds was carried round the town on a soft litter, beautifully decorated; while the body of a dog was carried after it, impaled, or stuck through with a branch of elder, and treated with every sign of contempt."

5. "Why, what had they done to deserve such different treatment? and what did it all mean?"

6. "It was in commemoration of a time when the city of Rome was in great danger—closely besieged by its enemies the Gauls. The citizens were nearly starving, although they still threw loaves of bread into the enemy's camp, to pretend that they had plenty to spare. They knew that if they could only gain time, the foe might get tired and go away, or their friends come to the rescue.

7. "One day, however, a Gaulish soldier, who had ventured very close to the besieged city, discovered some holes in the rocks which led almost straight up to the fortress. If a few men could

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only get up there without being seen, they might be able to open the city gates and take possession of the town without further trouble."

8. "But, mamma, was not that a difficult thing to do?"

9. "It was; but they were so tired of the long siege that they felt ready for any chance. And so, in the dark and silent night, a chosen band of these valiant men started off on their dangerous expedition.

10. "Slowly and quietly ascending the steep rocks by the aid of the knotted cords they had brought with them, crawling up like shadows, scarcely daring to breathe lest they should arouse the tired sentinels who kept watch above, little dreaming that the dreaded foe was so near—not many yards from them now—and so quietly approaching that among the city dogs lying about the ramparts not one stirred or gave a warning bark; up those figures glided, closer still, and almost within reach.

11. "A few moments more, and the town would be lost, when at that moment a loud, incessant alarmed gabbling set up by a flock of geese—kept by the town as sacred to Juno—startled the tired garrison and roused the careless sentinels.

12. "The soldiers were too scared to see the danger, of which warning had been given by this sudden noise; when a patrician, or noble, named

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Manlius, flew to the ramparts, mounted them, and found the foe under his very feet. With one blow he sent two of them headlong down the rocks they had so carefully mounted, and the walls were soon cleared of those dangerous visitors.

13. "This so discouraged the Gauls that they gave up the siege in disgust. And so you see, Maggie, even geese may be of use if they make a noise at the right time."

14. "Did they not reward this brave Manlius, who discovered the enemy so soon and ran to oppose them?"

15. "Yes; at the time every soldier gave him a share of wine and corn, which, as they had so little to spare, was a great gift. And when peace was restored, the citizens built a beautiful house and presented it to him.

16. "But as to the sentinels, who had slept instead of keeping watch over the threatened city, they were flung ignominiously over the ramparts which they had failed to guard, to show that the Romans could punish as well as reward. Geese were esteemed sacred birds in Rome for many a year afterward, and the dogs were treated with the contempt I have described."

17. "Well done, goosie! I never thought you had been of use except to eat and give us quill pens to write with."

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18. "The goose has figured in history at other times. During the wars of the Crusades, a large band of men marched to battle under the standard of a goose and goat. I suppose they thought geese lucky birds, but as it happened, I believe, they only led them into mischief."

XXXIX.—*THE ONSET.*

FIRST VOICE.

SOUND an alarum! The foe is come!
I hear the tramp, the neigh, the hum,
The cry and the blow of his daring drum.

ALL.

Hurrah!

SECOND VOICE.

Sound! The blast of our trumpet blown
Shall carry dismay into hearts of stone.
What! shall we shake at a foe unknown?

ALL.

Hurrah! hurrah!

THIRD VOICE.

Have we not sinews as strong as they?
Have we not hearts that ne'er give way?
Have we not God on our side to-day?

ALL.

Hurrah!

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FOURTH VOICE.

Stand by each other and front your foes!
Fight whilst a drop of the red blood flows!
Fight as ye fought for the old red rose!

ALL.

Hurrah! hurrah!

FIFTH VOICE.

Sound! Bid your terrible trumpets bray!
Blow till the brazen throats give way!
Sound to the battle! Sound, I say!

ALL.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

XL.—*THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE.*

THE way to the seashore was by a pleasant road, which had houses and gardens and pretty fields on each side of it, for some distance. Presently, however, the land began to look sandy and barren, and before long the sea itself came into view.

2. There was an old ruined tower upon a point of land, and a small house by the side of it. The road came to an end at this place.

3. As soon as the party came in sight of this house and tower, and of the line of waves which were rolling in from the sea upon the beach just

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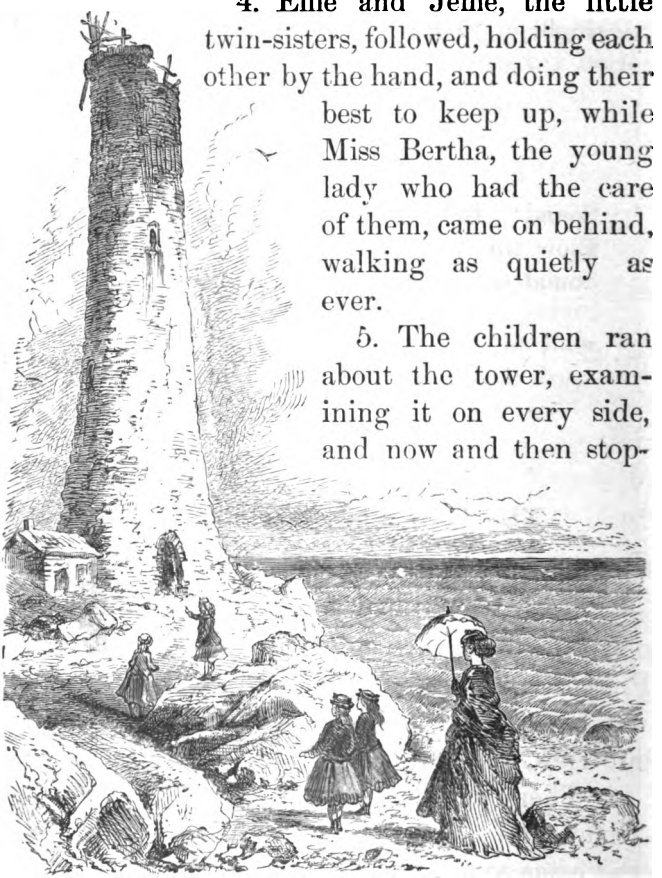
beyond it, Jane and Anne immediately began to run forward as fast as they could go.

4. Effie and Jeffie, the little twin-sisters, followed, holding each other by the hand, and doing their best to keep up, while Miss Bertha, the young lady who had the care of them, came on behind, walking as quietly as ever.

5. The children ran about the tower, examining it on every side, and now and then stopping a moment to look off over the sea. The tower was old and in ruins, and the house appeared deserted and solitary.



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6. After looking all about both, Jane and Anne sat down upon some large, flat-topped stones on one side of the tower, while Jeffie and Effie went back to meet Miss Bertha. They asked her what the tower was for.

7. "I suppose it was once a lighthouse," said she.

8. "What is a lighthouse for?" asked Effie.

9. "It is to say, '*Take care!*' to the vessels sailing along the coast on a dark night," said Miss Bertha.

10. "When the night is dark, and the waves are high, and the wind is howling in the rigging, and the vessel is coming on toward the land, the captain comes upon the deck and looks about in all directions. He can see nothing but darkness and clouds and drifting storms.

11. "Presently he spies, away off before him on the right hand, a little star—or at least it looks like a little star. It is really a great blazing light in the top of the lighthouse.

12. "'Ah!' he says to himself, 'there's the light. It says to me, *Take care!* I must turn my ship more to the left, or I shall run upon the shore, and the ship will be beaten to pieces on the rocks or on the sands.'

13. "So he turns his vessel more to the left and keeps away from the land, and the next

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morning he comes to the harbor where his ship is to go in."

14. "And what is this house for?" asked Effie.

15. "I suppose it is where the man lived who kept the lighthouse," said Miss Bertha. "There must be a man to go up into the lighthouse every evening to light the lamps, and also to trim the lamps and brighten the glass every day."

16. "Does he live in the house now?" asked Jeffie.

17. "Somebody seems to live there now," said she; "but it cannot be the lighthouse-keeper, for the lighthouse is not kept now. It is abandoned. I suppose they have built another and better lighthouse a little way along the coast somewhere."

18. After the party had been sitting upon the rocks or standing about them for some time, Effie espied a path which led back toward the country again, into what appeared to be a pretty valley, and she immediately conceived the desire of exploring it.

19. "Miss Bertha," said she, "oh, Miss Bertha, look at that pretty little path! Let us go that way and see where it leads to."

20. "If Jane will give us leave," said Miss Bertha. "She is in command of this excursion."

21. "Yes," said Jane, "I will give you leave.

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You may both go with Miss Bertha, and Anne and I will ramble about here on the shore."

22 So Effie and Jeffie set off along the little path, and Miss Bertha followed them, while Jane and her cousin Anne began to walk along over the hard, sandy beach which lined the shore, exploring the surface of the ground as they went, in search of shells and pebbles.

XLI.—*THANKSGIVING DINNER AT MR. PARLIN'S.*

AT two o'clock on Thanksgiving afternoon that event took place at Mr. Parlin's which the children regarded as the most important one of the day—that is, dinner.

2. After the silent blessing, Mr. Parlin turned to his youngest daughter and said,

"Alice, do you know what Thanksgiving Day is for?"

"Yes, sir; for turkey."

"Is that all?"

"No, sir; for plum-pudding."

3. "What do you think about it, Prudie?"

"I think the same as Dottie does, sir," replied Prudie, with a wistful glance at her father's right hand, which held the carving-knife.

4. "What do you say, Susie?"

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"It comes in the almanac just like Christmas, sir, and it 's something about the Pilgrim Fathers and the Mayflower."

5. "No, Susie; it does not come in the almanac: the Governor appoints it. We have so many blessings that he sets apart one day in the year in which we are to think them over and be thankful for them."

"Yes, sir; yes, indeed," said Susie. "I *always* knew that."

6. "Now, before I carve the turkey, what if I ask the question all around what we feel most thankful for to-day? We will begin with grandma."

7. "If thee asks me first," said Grandma Read, clasping her blue-veined, beautiful old hands, "I shall say I have everything to be thankful for, but I am most thankful for peace. Thee knows how I feel about war."

8. The children thought this a strange answer. They had almost forgotten there had ever been a war.

9. "Now, Mary, what have you to say?" asked Mr. Parlin of his wife.

"I am thankful we are all alive," replied Mrs. Parlin, looking at the faces around the table with a loving smile.

10. "And I," said her husband, "am thankful we all have our eyesight. I have thought more

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about it since I have visited two or three blind asylums. Susie, it is your turn."

11. "Papa, I'm thankful I'm so near thirteen."

Mr. Parlin stroked his mustache to hide a smile. He thought that was a very *young* remark.

12. "And you, Prudie?"

"I'm so thankful, sir," answered Prudie, reflecting a while—"*so* thankful *this* house isn't burnt up."

13. "Bless your little grateful heart!" said her father, leaning toward her and stroking her cheek. "We were burnt out last year, to be sure, but for my part I think one fire is quite enough for one family. I confess I never should have dreamed of being thankful we hadn't had *two*. Well, Alice, what have you to say? I see a thought in your eyes."

14. "Why, papa," said Dottie, laying her forefingers together with emphasis, "I've known what I'm thankful for for two days. I'm thankful Lina Rosenbug's mother isn't my mother."

A smile went around the table.

15. "But, papa, I am, truly. What should I want *her* for a mother for?"

"Indeed, I see no reason, my child, since you already have a pretty good mother of your own."

16. "Pretty good, papa?" said Dottie in a tone of mild reproof. "Why, if she was YOUR mother, you'd think she was *very* good."

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"Granted," returned Mr. Parlin.

17. "I don't think you'd like it, papa, to have her scold so she shakes down cobwebs."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Rosenbug."

18. "Never mind, my dear; we will not discuss that woman to-day. I hope you will some time learn to pronounce her name."

19. Then followed some remarks from Mr. Parlin upon our duty to the Giver of all good things, after which he began at last to carve the turkey. The children thought it was certainly time he did so. They were afraid their thankfulness would die out if they did not have something to eat pretty soon.

XLII.—*SEVEN TIMES ONE.*

I.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and over;
Seven times one are seven.

II.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

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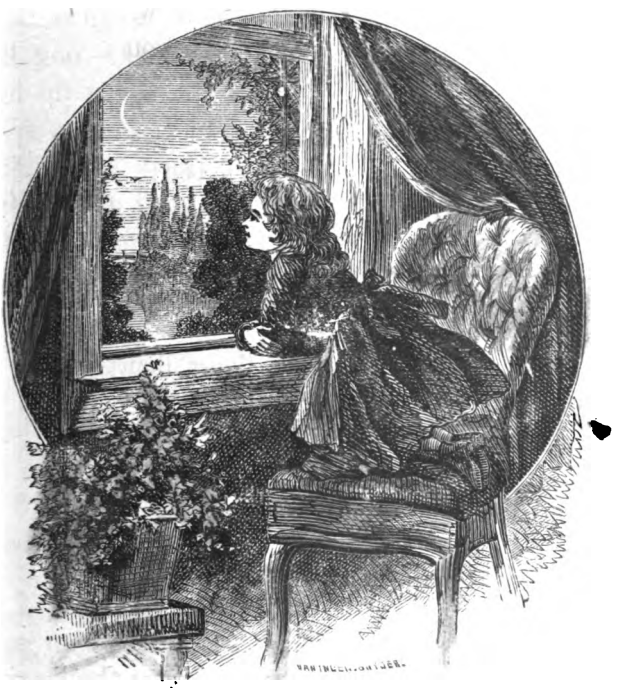
III.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing;
You are nothing now but a bow.



IV.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

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V.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

VI.

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

VII.

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
I am seven times one to-day.

XLIII.—*THE BELL ROCK.*

ON the east coast of Scotland, as you sail along, a tall tower rises out from the waves The steamer comes near it, and you see a smooth, strongly-built pillar; on the top is a large lantern composed entirely of glass. It is the Bell Rock Lighthouse.

2. Were it night, and did a storm, such as fre-

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quently visits these shores, toss your ship on its waves, you would be glad to see from that lantern the light cheerful rays it sends through the darkness, to tell the sailor where to steer his vessel.

3. Why is it called the *Bell Rock?* I will tell you. Once there was no lighthouse there, and often the stormy east wind drove boats and ships against these rocks and wrecked them.

4. Some kind monks who lived on the shore got a large bell, and chaining it fast to the rock, when the waves rose, the bell swung heavily in the storm, and its melancholy tones warned the seamen of the nearness of danger.

5. A pirate or sea robber one day was so wicked as to steal the bell. He broke the chain and carried it away, and the ships again had no warning of these dangerous rocks.

6. But it so happened that the very pirate who had done this wicked action was sailing these seas on a wintry day. Night came on, and the tempest bore heavily on his ship. She had to yield to its violence, and, driven before it, she struck a rock.

7. It was the very rock from which her captain had stolen the bell. By the side of that rock the vessel sank, and her captain perished.

8. It was just he should—that he who had hushed the voice of kindly warning should perish unwarned.

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XLIV.—*STORY OF A WATER-DROP.*

ONE day a child went to walk beside a gurgling brook. The merry little stream rushed wildly on, as if the great mossy rock from which it sprang were close behind it, and would catch it if it did not make a break-neck leap into the river below.

2. Then the child began to talk to the little waves, and asked them whence they came. They would not stay to give him an answer, but danced away, one over another, till at last, that the sweet child might not be grieved, a drop of water stopped behind a piece of rock. From her the child heard strange histories, but he could not understand them all, for she told him about her former life and about the depths of the mountain.

3. "A long while ago," said the drop of water, "I lived with my countless sisters in the great ocean, in peace and unity. We had all sorts of pastimes; sometimes we mounted up high in the air and peeped at the stars; then we sank down deep below and saw how the coral builders work and work, that they may reach the light of day at last.

4. "But I was conceited, and thought myself much better than my sisters. And so one day, when the sun rose out of the sea, I clung fast to one of his hot beams, and thought that now I should reach the stars and become one of them.

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5. "But I had not ascended far when the sunbeam shook me off, and, in spite of all I could say or do, let me fall into a dark cloud; and soon a flash of fire darted through the cloud, and now I thought I must surely die, but the whole cloud laid itself down softly upon the top of a mountain, and so I escaped.

6. "Now I thought I should remain hidden, when, suddenly I slipped over a round pebble, fell from one stone to another down into the depths of the mountain, till at last it was pitch dark, and I could neither see nor hear anything.

7. "Then I found, indeed, that 'pride goeth before a fall.' I resigned myself to my fate. My portion was now the salt of humility. After undergoing many purifications from the hidden virtues of the metals and minerals, I was at length permitted to come up once more into the free, cheerful air. And now will I run back to my sisters, and there wait patiently till I am called to something better."

8. But hardly had the little water-drop done speaking, when the root of a forget-me-not caught her by the hair and sucked her in. She found herself gliding up through the roots into a stem of the forget-me-not, and soon after, she became a beautiful floweret, and twinkled brightly as a blue star on the green firmament of earth.

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XLV.—*THE DOVES.*

PART FIRST.

THE children had now reached the yard where the barn was. The dove-cote was up above the barn-loft. "Ah! there are Willie and Diamond standing on their balconies," said Clara as they approached the barn.

2. "Oh, call them!" said Jane; "perhaps they will fly down and alight upon you."

3. Clara called and held up her arm to in-

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vite them to come down, and immediately the two doves—one black and white, and the other nearly white, except about the neck, which was of a brilliant green and purple—spread their wings and tails, and rolling up their little red feet, floated gently down and alighted, one upon her hand and the other upon her shoulder.

4. "Oh the beauties!" cried Jane. "Let me have one on my hand. How they stretch out their necks as if they were wondering at everything they saw!"

5. "They are a little afraid of you," said Clara; "they see that you are a stranger, but in a few moments they will get used to you."

6. "See how this one trembles that I have in my hand," said Jane. "Poor little fellow! if you knew how I loved you, you would not tremble so."

7. "When a pigeon is *much* frightened," said Henry, "it flies away, and when it is a *little* frightened it scolds and picks, and when it is a *very* little frightened it only trembles and stands still."

8. "There! she is gone," cried Jane. "She has flown up again to her balcony."

9. "And there goes her Willie after her," said Clara. "Come, let us go up to the dove-house."

10. "What a noise!" cried Robert and Jane

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as they entered the dove-house; "and yet there is but a small flock."

11. "They are noisy little fellows," said Henry.

12. "We have but about a dozen," said Clara. "Father does not keep them for profit, but only because they are such pretty creatures, and so that Henry and I may have them for our amusement; and we feed them so well that they stay all the time near the dove-house and never trouble either the grain-fields or the garden."

13. "Here are Pearlie and Jessie in their nest together," said Henry. "Let us watch how prettily they bill and coo."

14. "Which is Pearlie?" asked Robert.

15. "That one," said Clara, "which is rather of a pearly color, with two black streaks across the lower part of his wings and a green and purple breast and neck. We named him the Pearl, because he is both in his looks and character so soft and gentle; and so is his mate, but he is of a more pearly color."

16. "Do doves make nests?" inquired Robert.

17. "Not proper nests such as birds make, because you know they have them already made for them; but after the young ones are old enough to leave their nests, then the old ones fill the nest up again with fresh straw.

18. "We keep plenty of straw in the dove-house, so that they may fill their nests with it.

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Look! Pearlie has come off. I suppose he is going to get a straw. Yes; now see him put it into the nest."

19. "Oh what a cunning little creature!" cried Jane.

20. "He will let you go and lay your head close down upon him, or take hold of him, when he is sitting down in the nest. He is gone to get another straw now; perhaps he will sit down again directly."

21. "There!" said Jane, "he is sitting down again;" and she went and laid her cheek down so as to touch the dove's head, and he remained entirely quiet, not appearing to notice her at all, still keeping up his pretty cooing and his nodding and blinking.

XLVI.—*THE DOVES.*

PART SECOND.

"AH! here comes one of the Snowdrops." "Oh the exquisite creature!" cried Jane, as a perfectly white dove spread its wings, and flying from one of the roosts, alighted upon Clara's shoulder.

2. "This is the queen of them all, I think," said Clara. "You see how much more graceful her neck is."

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3. "Yes," said Jane; "she looks as if she were queen of the dove-house, or thought herself so at least, her neck has such a proud curve."

4. "She does," said Clara; "but it is not because her neck is really shaped differently, but because she holds it differently. She throws her head back, making a most graceful curve in the neck; some usually stretch their necks forward as if reaching for something."

5. "Where is her mate?" asked Robert.

6. "Here he is," said Henry, "sitting on the nest to keep his little ones warm."

7. "The snowy creatures!" cried Robert. "How he looks around at us as if he was afraid we were going to get away his little ones! How he bristles up his back! Don't disturb him, Harry. There! he scolds you in a gruff voice; he thinks you treat him ill."

8. "See him flap his white wing at me," said Henry. "Does n't it look like a flash of lightning? I want to get him off, so that you can see the young ones. Get away, Snowie; let us see your little dears;" and Henry, passing his hand under the dove, lifted him up a little, and then he got off his nest and stood near by, bristling and cooing as though not a little disturbed.

9. "I do not see but one," said Jane. "It is covered with soft yellow down. How helpless it looks!"

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10. "There are two," said Clara; "but when they are quite young they lie close together and in such a way that at first sight you would suppose there was only one. Come a little nearer and you will see them distinctly."

11. "Ah! I see two little heads now. What a pretty little pair of twins! I do not wonder that their father is afraid to have us come to them."

12. "Does not the mother take care of them too?" asked Robert.

13. "Oh yes," said Clara; "she sits on the nest half the day and all the night. She will go on toward dark to-night and sit till to-morrow at noon, and then her mate will take her place and sit till night."

14. "I wish you could see Snowie feed his little ones," said Henry. "Perhaps he will when he goes on again. Let us watch."

15. The dove went directly to his nest again, and presently the children smiled to see one of the little downy heads and long slender necks stretched out from amongst the breast feathers of the old dove.

16. "There! he is going to feed it," said Henry.

17. "But he has got nothing to feed it," said Robert.

18. "Yes, he has," said Henry. "He has it in his crop."

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19. "See!" said Clara; "he bends down his head and opens his bill wide; now the little one has thrust his head in, and Snowie is now forcing up the food from his own crop into its mouth."

20. "How strange!" said Jane. "It looks as if the little one were choking the old one."

21. "If it were a little later in the day, I should like to have you stop until the mother goes to the nest," said Clara, "that you might hear what a cunning little coaxing noise she makes to the little ones.

22. "It seems as if she said, 'Oh, you little dears, I cannot tell you how much I love you!'"

23. "I should like to stay here longer and see the pretty creatures," said Jane; "but it is time for Robert and me to go home now, I believe. Come, Robert."

QUESTIONS.

What is a dove-cote? Did you ever see one? Of what color were the feet of doves that you have seen? What does a dove do when he is much frightened? What does he do when he is a very little frightened? Did you learn this first from the book, or by observing the doves? Which do you think is the better way to get information—by studying an object itself, or by reading about it? Can you always get the object itself to study? Then how can you learn anything about it? Do doves build nests? How do you know? How many young doves in a single brood? What is their color and appearance?

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XLVII.—*WHO MADE THE SKY?*

FIRST VOICE.

WHO made the sky so bright and blue?
Who made the fields so green?
Who made the flowers that smell so sweet,
In pretty colors seen?

ALL.

'T was God, our Father and our King;
Oh, let us all his praises sing!

SECOND VOICE.

Who made the birds to soar so high,
And taught them how to sing?
Who made the pretty butterfly,
And painted her bright wing?

ALL.

'T was God, our Father and our King;
Oh, let us all his praises sing!

THIRD VOICE.

Who made the sun that shines so bright,
And gladdens all we see;
Which comes to give us light and heat,
That happy we may be?

ALL.

'T was God, our Father and our King;
Oh, let us all his praises sing!

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FOURTH VOICE.

Who made the moon and stars so high,
The darksome night to cheer,
That shine so bright in yonder sky,
Oft as the heavens are clear?

ALL.

'T was God, our Father and our King;
Oh, let us all his praises sing!

FIFTH VOICE.

Who made the rocks, the hills, the trees,
The mountains and the vales?
The flocks, the herds, the cooling breeze,
The stream that never fails?

ALL.

'T was God, our Father and our King;
Oh, let us all his praises sing!

XLVIII.—*HOW AMY LEARNED TO WORK.*

I ONCE knew a little girl named Amy, who liked to play better than she did to work. She loved to run in the garden, hear the birds sing, chase butterflies and smell the sweet flowers.

2. Amy had no little brothers and sisters to talk with, so she talked to the animals, the insects and the flowers; and she *imagined* they talked to her, and that she could understand all they said.

3. One day her mother said: "Amy, I think you are big enough now to begin to work a little

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every day. You will find as you grow older that every one has some work to do; and it is better to learn to be industrious while one is young."

4. "Oh, mamma," said Amy, "I don't like to work; I would rather play, it is so much nicer. May I go out in the woods and play a little while before I begin my work?"

5. "Yes," said her mother, "as I have nothing ready for you to do just now, you may go."

6. So Amy skipped through the pleasant garden into the cool woods. A gray squirrel ran across her path, and Amy called to it: "Tell me, dear squirrel, you have nothing to do but play and eat nuts,—have you?"

7. "My dear child," said the squirrel, "you are very much mistaken. I have a large family to support, and am very busy now, laying by a store of nuts to last all winter, so I cannot stop to talk with you." And away he jumped.

8. Just then a bee came buzzing by. Said Amy, "Little bee, do you have any work to do? I never see you doing anything but getting honey from the lovely flowers."

9. "Indeed," said the bee, "it seems to me I never have time for anything but work. After I have gathered honey from the flowers, I go home to my hive, and fill the honeycomb with it. So you see I have plenty to do." And away he flew to light on a sweet pink clover.

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10. Amy walked on a little way, when she saw some ants who seemed to be in a great hurry. She watched them a while, and then spoke to one of them, saying: "Isn't that crumb you are carrying too heavy for you? It makes me feel sorry to see you; I wish you could play all the time."

11. "Oh," said the ant, dropping his burden, "I am so glad to get the crumb that I really enjoy carrying it, although it is rather heavy." And the little ant picked it up and hurried away.

12. Amy sat down on a stone, and this is what she thought to herself: "It seems to me that everything has something to do; and—what is very funny—they all seem to like their work."

13. Then Amy walked slowly home, went to her mother, and said: "Mamma, the squirrels, the bees, and the ants all have something to do, and I am the only idle one among them. I think I will try and finish hemming that towel I commenced so long ago."

XLIX.—*THE MEETING OF THE WINDS.*

THE north and south wind met one spring day in a meadow on the bank of a river. The north wind had brought some snow the night before, but the south wind blew soon after and melted nearly all of it; only a few white spots were left here and there over the field.

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2. As soon as the winds came near each other, the south wind said, "Good-morning, brother: I am glad to meet you, though your cold breath quite chills me."

3. "But I'm not at all glad to meet you," answered the north wind. "Why did you melt my snow so quickly? Could you not let it lie for one day?"

4. "The time has come for the grass and the flowers, you know, brother, and I must be at work," said the gentle south wind.

5. "But there was no such great hurry," said the north wind. "When friends meet, they should be polite."

6. "I have to call up the daisies and waken the roses," said the south wind, "and make all the fields green by the first of May; I have no time to lose. Look at this meadow how brown it is, and these trees how bare they are. Scarcely a fly is buzzing in the sunshine, and not a turtle has yet crept out of his hole in the ground."

7. "I do not care for your turtles and your daisies and your roses," grumbled the north wind; "you want to hurry me off, and there is no need that I should go so soon."

8. "Have you not had the whole winter to yourself?" asked the south wind—"freezing the brooks, driving away all my birds and insects, and covering the fields and roads and houses and

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barns with snow? If I chanced to come then to pay you a little visit some bright morning, how quickly you sent me away again! Never might I stay till the sun went down."

9. "The winter is my own time," said the north wind; "it belongs to me, and you had no right to come then."

10. "And the spring is my time," said the south wind; "you know the law is that I must have the fields now."

11. "You think a great deal of yourself," said the north wind, angrily, "but I am stronger than you. I can fly farther and see things you never see. Where do you think I came from this morning?"

12. "Tell me; I cannot guess," whispered the south wind.

13. "I came all the way from the icy pole," replied the north wind, "where the sea is frozen over, and the land is covered with snow that never melts. The white bear lives there; I saw one but a few hours ago, watching for fish by a hole in the ice."

14. "But you never saw my home or the strange sights that are there," replied the other. "I come from that far-off torrid zone where the snow never falls, and the frost never kills the buds and flowers. There the panther lives. I passed by one last night in the forest, lying out

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on the branch of a great tree watching for his prey, that he might spring down on it as it passed beneath."

15. "But I have seen the Esquimaux,"* said the north wind, "in their strange skin dresses, living in houses built of snow. I have seen them fighting the fierce walrus and white bear on the

ice and spearing the seal from their little boats, that dance on the waves. I watch the northern lights so red and beautiful, shooting up like a great flame in the sky, and the night is almost as bright as the day. Then the Esquimau* harnesses his dogs and the Laplander his reindeer, and they travel swiftly over the snow.

16. "Yesterday I blew with all my might till I loosened a field of ice and sent it out to sea. A white bear was on it, and he sailed on his ice boat across the sea to Iceland. As I passed the steep, high rocks on the shores of Greenland, I saw the eider ducks sitting there. Each one had

* Pronounced Es'-ke-mō.

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lined her nest with soft down plucked from her own breast. Then I frightened them with my hoarse voice, and thousands of them—yes, hundreds of thousands—flew up in the air like a cloud."

17. "But let me ask you," murmured the south wind, "did you ever hear among your icebergs and fields of snow, the song of the robin and mocking-bird that I hear every day in the woods where I live? You look at your Esquimaux in their snow houses, but I peep in at the hut of the Indian that stands under the forest shades, or I

blow against the sail of his canoe and push it along up some quiet river, where the trees grow thick on each side and meet overhead. The red flamingo wades out into the water, and the monkeys and parrots chatter among the high branches. I see the boa constrictor coiled among the roots on the shore and watch the alligator floating down the stream.

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18. "My home is among the orange trees and in the fields where the sugar-cane grows," continued the south wind. "There I lie still and sleep, or awake to go forth on my journeys over the earth, not to freeze up the ground and make it brown and bare, but to cover it with green, and bring out the buds and flowers in every bush and tree."

19. While the winds were talking in this way, the river, which had been listening to them, said, "Why do you thus boast and provoke each other? Why not tell pleasantly and kindly of the wonderful things you have both seen? You would not change homes, would you?"

20. "No, indeed," each one replied; "I love my own the best."

21. Then said the river, "What is the use of quarreling when you are both satisfied? As for me, I like you both. I am glad for the north wind to blow cold and freeze me over in the winter, so that the skaters can come and glide swiftly over my smooth surface. And I love the south wind to come in the spring, to make my banks green and waken the frogs along my shore and bring the fisherman in his boat and the boys to swim. Let us all be friends, then, and love each other, and be satisfied with what our good Creator has given us, and be happy in pleasing him."

22. Then the north wind said, "I am willing

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to be friends again. It is true that the spring is your time, gentle south wind. I will not stay to nip your flowers, but will fly away to my cold home."

23. And the south wind said, "Forgive me if I was rude, brother. When November shall come once more, I will leave the fields and woods to you. Take this sprig of wintergreen to remember me by, and may it not fade till we meet again. Farewell."

L.—*THE RACE OF THE FLOWERS.*

I.

THE trees and the flowers seem running a race,
But none treads down the other;
And neither thinks it his disgrace
To be later than his brother.
Yet the pear tree shouts to the lilac tree,
"Make haste, for the spring is late!"
And the lilac tree whispers to the chestnut tree
(Because he is so great),
"Pray you, great sir, be quick, be quick,
For down below we are blossoming thick!"

II.

Then the chestnut hears, and comes out in bloom,
White or pink, to the tip-top boughs—
Oh, why not grow higher, there's plenty of room,
You beautiful tree, with the sky for your house?
Then like music they seem to burst out together,
The little and the big, with a beautiful burst;

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They sweeten the wind, they paint the weather,
And no one remembers which was first:
White rose, red rose,
Bud rose, shed rose,
Larkspur and lily, and the rest,
North, south, east, west,
June, July, August, September.

III.

Ever so late in the year will come
Many a red geranium,
And chrysanthemums* up to November.
Then the winter has overtaken them all,
The fogs and the rains begin to fall,
And the flowers, after running their races,
Are weary, and shut up their little faces,
And under the ground they go to sleep.
Is it very far down? Yes, ever so deep.

LI.—*ABOUT THE SUN.*

MRS. DUDLEY had provided her children with a most delightful book for them to read on the wet days of their vacation. The three elder ones read it aloud by turns. The book had a funny title. It was called "Sunshine," and from it they learned many curious things about the good which the sun does to our world and to us by shining on it.

* Chrys-an'-the-mums.

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2. Willie and Cousin Maud had heard some of them before, but to Amy they all came quite fresh, and they were related in such a nice way that even she did not think it a dry book.

3. She read one day: "The sun does not move at all, though many little folks think that it does, and though, not so very long ago, big folks thought so too."

4. "Oh, Maud," she cried, stopping there, "I 'm sure that the sun does move, because in the morning it is out there, and in the evening it is at the back of the house. This book must be wrong."

5. "No, it is n't," said Willie, laughing. "Don't you know that it is the earth that moves, and not the sun at all?"

6. "Don't, Willie," said Amy, thinking that he was laughing at her.

7. But Maud said, "It is quite true, Amy. Mother taught me that, and she said that it is because we move so fast that the sun seems to be moving. Don't you know how all the houses and trees look as if they were moving when you are in a train, though *they* don't move at all?"

8. Then she took up an orange that was on the table and pushed a knitting-needle right through it, and then swung the orange round and round on the needle, and at the same time moved it all round a flower vase.

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9. "There, Amy!" she said. "Now, you must suppose that vase to be the sun, and this orange our earth. There is nothing pushed through the earth, but it goes round as if there was, and it takes a day and a night to go round. To the side which is nearest the sun it is day, and to the other side it is night. But it goes round the sun at the same time, only a long way off, and it takes a whole year to get round. Do you understand now?"

10. Amy thought she did a little, and George asked what we should do if there was no sun.

11. "Why, we should be all in the dark," said Willie, laughing; "and be rather cold, too."

12. "I think we should all die," added Maud, seriously; "for there would be nothing to eat. Nothing will grow without sunshine."

13. "And there would be no colors either," rejoined Willie; "for you know it is light which makes colors come into things. Don't you remember, Amy, those hyacinths which we had in the winter? Mother put them into a dark cupboard for a little while, and when they came out, the leaves had begun to come up, but they were all white."

14. "Yes," returned Maud; "and we sometimes go to see a poor girl who lives in a dark street—she can never go out because she is quite lame—and she likes to be in a dark corner of the

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room because the light hurts her eyes. You can't think what a pale face she has, and mother says it is all because she lives in the dark."

15. "I like the sun; he has got such a nice round face," said little George; "only he puts my eyes out if I try to look at him. Isn't he very rude?"

16. They all laughed at George's funny little speech, and Willie told him that he knew somebody who thought that George's own face was very like the sun, because it was so round and shiny.

17. Little George looked as if he almost thought that he ought to be offended, but Amy kissed both his fat cheeks and patted them, and told him that they felt very nice and soft; so he changed his mind and seemed rather pleased.

18. However, they did not read any more that day, for while they were talking about him, the sun began to show his pleasant face, and the cloud which had hidden it began to move away very fast, and all the children went to the window to see whether there was any hope of getting out that day.

19. Presently the sky began to look quite bright, and there came out all round the sun many large rays, which Willie tried to make George believe were butterflies' wings, but the little man was not to be deceived.

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20. In a little while a beautiful rainbow appeared in the sky—the most beautiful one, as Amy thought, that she had ever seen—and she began to wonder what a rainbow could be, but no one could tell her, though Willie said he knew he had heard something about it, and that he believed the sun had something to do with it.

21. Then Maud remembered that she had seen a gentleman get the same colors, in a curiously-shaped piece of glass, by holding it to the light, and that he said that, after all, it was only one ray from the sun which the glass had split up into seven parts.

22. "Oh, Amy, you should have seen the colors," she said; "they were so pretty! There were red, orange, yellow, green, light blue and dark blue, and violet. And, look, I can see them all in that rainbow!"

23. "Yes," said Willie, after they had made them out; "there they are; and so I should n't wonder if the rainbow is some rays which have got split up by passing through a cloud or something else, and then bent over into that shape."

24. Willie's papa came into the room just as he was making this remark; so they all appealed to him, and he told them that Willie had made a very good guess.

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LII.—*MORE ABOUT THE SUN.*

"FATHER," said Maud, "why is it that people who live in dark places look so pale? And why do plants grow white when they are kept in the dark?"

2. "Because the rays of the sun cannot get at them," replied her father; "and when that is the case, both the people and the plants grow sickly. The people's blood does not turn red enough, and the plants' blood does not turn green enough, and neither people nor plants can be strong and well unless their blood is of the right color."

3. "I didn't know that plants had any blood," said little George in astonishment.

4. "We call it sap, George," answered his papa; "and it ought to make the stems and leaves of the plants look nice and green, just as the blood of little boys and girls should give them rosy cheeks and lips; but it does not unless it has plenty of the sun's light. See, then, what a great friend the sun must be to us!"

5. "I wonder how anything can do us good that doesn't touch us?" said Willie.

6. "But the sun's rays do touch us, my boy," answered his father. "They are always traveling from the sun to the earth, and it is only when they touch us that they do any good. Why, it

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is because some of these rays touch your eyes that you can see anything. When people are blind, it is because something prevents the rays from getting into the right part of the eye.

7. "The sun's rays touch your face too, and your hands," continued Mr. Dudley; "and so they get at the blood and do something to it which makes it red. Little boys and girls need a great many of these rays, because they are growing. That is why I like you all to be a great deal out of doors. You know what nice red faces many children have who are out of doors all day long."

8. "Father," said Amy, "is not the sun a very long way off?"

9. "Yes; a very long way indeed, Amy," answered Mr. Dudley. "It is millions and millions of miles away from us. That is why it looks so small as it does. If you could see it quite near, you would find that it is a large world, instead of only the yellow ball which it looks to be."

10. "Then don't these funny rays of light take a long, long time in coming all that great way?" pursued Amy.

11. "No; they hardly take any time at all, considering the distance," replied her father; "because light travels so very quickly. Don't you know how fast the flashes of lightning go?"

12. "Oh yes, they do," cried little George;

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"just like that;" and he moved his hand before his sister's face.

13. "A great deal faster than that, George," said his father, laughing, "or they would never get through their day's work. However, now you understand how much good the sun's *light* does to us, tell me if there is anything else that you like which we get from him."

14. "We get heat too," said Willie.

15. "Yes; and that is worth even more to us than light, for we cannot live at all without heat."

16. "People are warm *inside*, though, father, without the sun's help, because their blood is warm; and mother told us that, in some wonderful way or other, the blood gets warmed in our lungs by meeting the air."

17. "That is true enough, Willie," replied his papa, smiling; "but what do you think the air itself would be like if there were no sun?"

18. "I 'm sure I don't know," said Willie.

19. "Neither do I," rejoined his father. "And now, as I think you have all puzzled your brains enough for one day, you had better go off to play."

QUESTIONS.

Do the most healthy people have rosy cheeks or pale cheeks? Why do people who live in dark places look pale? What should they do to make their cheeks rosy? Is it good for the health to be much out of doors? Why? What makes the sun look so small? What do we get from the sun besides light?

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LIII.—*THE GRAY SQUIRRELS.*

I.

I WILL tell you of a pleasing sight
I saw, one autumn brown,
When wandering in the pathless woods
I came to the squirrels' town.

II.

There were hundreds that in the hollow boles
Of the old, old trees did dwell,
And laid up store hard by their door
Of the sweet mast* as it fell.

III.

But soon the hungry wild swine came,
And with thievish snouts dug up
Their buried treasure, and left them not
So much as an acorn cup.

* The fruit of forest trees, such as nuts and acorns.

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IV.

Then did they chatter in angry mood,
And one and all agree
Into the forests of rich stone-pine
Over hill and dale to flee.

V.

Over hill and dale, over hill and dale,
For many a league they went,
Like a troop of undaunted travelers
Governed by one consent.

VI.

But the hawk and eagle and peering owl
Did dreadfully pursue,
And the farther the gray squirrels went,
The more their perils grew;
When, lo, to cut off their pilgrimage,
A broad stream lay in view.

VII.

But then did each wondrous creature show
His cunning and bravery;
With a piece of pine-bark in his mouth,
Unto the stream came he,

VIII.

And boldly his little bark he launched,
Without the least delay;
His bushy tail was his upright sail,
And he merrily steered away.

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IX.

Never was a lovelier sight
Than that gray squirrels' fleet,
And with anxious eyes I watched to see
What fortune it would meet.

X.

Soon had they reached the rough mid stream,
And ever and anon,
I grieved to see some small bark wrecked,
And its little steersman gone.

XI.

But the main fleet stoutly held across;
I saw them leap ashore;
They entered the woods with a cry of joy,
For their perilous march was o'er.

LIV.—*THE GEESE.*

A PEASANT, with a long rod in his hand, was driving some geese to a town where they were to be sold; and to tell the truth, he did not treat them over-politely. In hopes of making a good bargain, he was hastening on, so as not to lose the market-day.

2. I do not blame the peasant; but the geese talked about him in a different spirit, and whenever they met any passers-by, abused him to them in such terms as these:

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3. "Is it possible to find any geese more unfortunate than we are? This man worries us so terribly, and chases us about just as if we were common geese. The stupid fellow does not know that he ought to pay us reverence, seeing that we are the noble descendants of those geese who saved Rome, and in whose honor even feast-days were appointed there."

4. "And do you want to have honor paid you on that account?" a passer-by asked them.

5. "Why, our ancestors—"

6. "I know that—I have read all about it; but I want to know this—of what use have you been yourselves?"

7. "Why, our ancestors saved Rome."

8. "Quite so; but what have *you* done?"

9. "We? Nothing."

10. "Then what merit is there in you? Let your ancestors rest in peace—they justly received honorable reward; but you, my friends, are only fit to be roasted."

QUESTIONS.

What city was once saved by geese? Where is Rome? By whom was the city besieged? [See Lesson XXXVIII. for answer to this and three succeeding questions.] What did some Gaulish soldiers attempt to do? What aroused the Roman sentinels? What became of the Gaulish soldiers? Ought the geese of to-day to be proud and conceited on account of this event? What do you think this story is meant to teach?

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LV.—*BOB, THE COSSET.*

PART FIRST.

ONE cold night in March my father came in from the barn-yard, bringing a little lamb which lay stiff and still in his arms and appeared to be quite dead. But my mother, who was good and kind to all creatures, wrapped it in flannel, and forcing open its teeth, poured some warm milk down its throat. Still it did not open its eyes nor move, and when we went to bed it was yet lying motionless before the fire.

2. It happened that my mother slept in a room opening out of the sitting-room, and in the middle of the night she heard a little complaining voice saying, "Ma!" She thought it must be some one of us, and so answered, "What, my child?"

3. Again it came, "Ma!" and turning round, she saw by the light of the moon the little lamb she had left for dead standing by her bedside.

4. In the morning it was found that the mother of Bob (for we gave him that name) had died of cold in the night; so we adopted the poor orphan into our family. We children took care of him; and though it was a great trouble to bring him up by hand, we soon became attached to our charge, and grew very proud of his handsome growth and thriving condition.

5. He was, in truth, a most amusing pet, he

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made so free with every one and was so entirely at home everywhere. He would go into every room in the house—even mount the stairs and appear in our chambers in the morning, sometimes before we were up, to shame us with his early rising.

6. But the place which of all others he decidedly preferred was the pantry. Here he was, I am sorry to say, once or twice guilty of breaking the commandment against stealing, by helping himself to fruit and to slices of bread which did not rightfully belong to him.

7. My sister and I used to make wreaths for his neck, which he wore with such an evident attempt at display that I sometimes feared he was more vain and proud than it was right for such an innocent and poetical animal to be.

8. But our trials did not really commence until Bob's horns began to sprout. It seemed that he had no sooner perceived those little horns in his looking-glass, the drinking-trough, than he took to butting like any common sheep who had been wholly without the advantages of education and good society.

9. It was in vain that we tried to impress upon him that such was not correct conduct in a cosset of his breeding; he would still persevere in his little interesting trick of butting all such visitors as did not happen to strike his fancy.

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10. But he never treated us to his horns in that way, and so we let him go, like any other spoiled child, without punishing him severely, and rather laughed at his sauciness.

LVI.—*BOB, THE COSSET.*

PART SECOND.

ONE day our deacon, a stout, elderly gentleman, solemn-faced and formal, had been making us a visit, and as he was going away, we all went out into the yard to see him ride off on his old sorrel pacer. It seems he had no riding-whip; so he reached up to break off a twig from an elm tree which hung over the gate. This was very high, and he was obliged to stand on tip-toe.

2. Just then, before he had grasped the twig he wanted, Bob started out from under a large rose-bush near by and ran against the good old gentleman, butting him so violently as to take him quite off his feet.

3. My father hastened to help him up, and made a great many apologies for the incivility of our pet, while we children did our best to keep our faces straight.

4. After our venerable visitor was gone, my father sternly declared that he would not bear with Bob any longer, but that he should be

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turned into the pasture with the other sheep, for he would not have him about, insulting respectable people at that rate.

5. So the next morning Bob was banished in disgrace from the house and yard, and obliged to mingle with the vulgar herd of his kind. With them I regret to say that he soon earned the name of being very bold and quarrelsome.

6. As his horns grew and lengthened, he grew more and more proud of the consequence they gave him, and went forth butting and to butt. Oh, he was a terrible fellow!

7. One summer day, my brother Charles and a young man who lived with us were in the mill-pond washing the sheep which were soon to be sheared. I was standing on the bank watching the work, when one of our neighbors, a hard, coarse man, came up, and calling to my brother in a loud voice, asked if he had been hunting a raccoon the night before.

8 "Yes, sir, and I killed him too," answered my brother.

9. "Well, young man," said the farmer, "did you pass through my field and trample down my grain?"

10. "I crossed the field, sir, but I hope I did no great damage," replied Charles, in a pleasant way.

11. "Yes, you *did!*" shouted the man; "and

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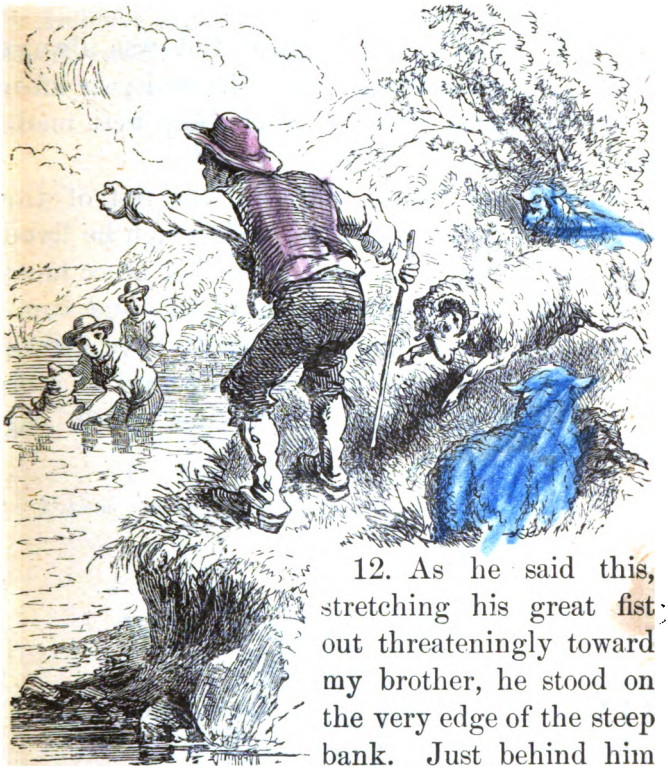
now, you young rascal, if I ever catch you on my land again, day or night, I 'll thrash you—*I'll* teach you something if your father won't."



12. As he said this, stretching his great fist out threateningly toward my brother, he stood on the very edge of the steep bank. Just behind him were the sheep, headed by the redoubtable Bob, who suddenly darted forward, and before the farmer could suspect what was coming, butted him headlong into the pond.

13. My brother went at once to the assistance

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of his enemy, who scrambled on to the shore, sputtering and dripping, but a good deal cooled in his rage. I suppose I was very naughty, but I *did* enjoy that.

14. For this one good turn Bob was always quite a favorite, with all his faults, and year after year was spared, when worthier sheep were made mutton of.

15. He was finally sold with the rest of the flock when we left the farm; and though he lived to a good old age, the wool of his last fleece must long since have been knit into socks and comforters, or woven into cloth—must have grown threadbare and gone to dress scarecrows or stop cellar windows, or been all trodden out in rag carpets.

LVII.—*THE BROWN THRUSH.*

I.

THERE'S a merry brown thrush sitting up in a tree;
"He's singing to me! he's singing to me!"
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree,
I'm as happy as happy can be."

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II.

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,
And five eggs, hid by me in the juniper tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

III.

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be."

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LVIII.—*THE RESCUE.*

FIRE! fire! fire! See the angry flames bursting from the windows, darting from the roof! The engines are on the spot. How hard the men are at work! See the water streaming from the hose—one, two, three, four, five, six —and there is another on the roof! The fire grows hotter and hotter, and fiercer and fiercer.

2. Are the people out of the burning house? Are all safe? Hark! a wild scream—a child is left behind! A child! a child! Who will go to the rescue? Who will dare risk his life in the scorching flames?

3. A ladder is hoisted to one of the windows; a bold fireman climbs up. Almost choked with flame and smoke, he bursts through the open window, jumps into the chamber and snatches the little one from its bed.

4. Will he ever get out? How the people strain their eyes to catch a glimpse of him! How they tremble as they look! There he is, safe! safe! See him with the baby in his arms!

5. A shout of delight goes up from the men below. See how they cheer him! and see the poor mother with her hands raised and her arms open to receive her treasure!

6. The noble fireman! Thanks to his brave and generous spirit! A mother's blessing meets

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him. The admiration which men always feel at a noble act follows him. And the joy which springs from a self-sacrificing exertion in behalf of another will always be a well-spring of happiness within his own bosom.

LIX.—*THE MOON.*

I.

OH, mother, how pretty the moon looks to-night!
She was never so cunning before;
Her two little horns are so sharp and so bright,
I hope they'll not grow any more.

II.

If I were up there with you and my friends,
We'd rock in it nicely, you see;
We'd sit in the middle and hold by both ends—
Oh, what a bright cradle 't would be!

III.

We'd call to the stars to keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And there we would sit till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

IV.

And there we would rock in the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam;
We'd see the sun set and see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

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LX.—*THE ART OF WRITING.*

FEW young persons see anything wonderful in the art of writing, yet it is really one of the most curious inventions in the world. From being long familiar with it, we have ceased to think it strange. But to savages and other untaught persons it seems a kind of magic. Its effects, when seen for the first time, amaze and confound them.

2. An amusing instance of this surprise is related by Mr. Williams in his account of the South

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Sea Islanders. He was building a church for the natives, and one day he had come to work without his square. Wishing to have the instrument, he wrote to that effect upon a chip with a piece of charcoal, and handing the chip to a chief who stood near, he said to him, "Friend, take this to my house and give it to Mrs. Williams."

3. "Take *that!*" replied the chief, with a look of utter surprise. "She will call me a fool if I carry a chip to her."

4. "No, she will not," said Mr. Williams. "Take it, and go immediately."

5. Perceiving Mr. Williams to be in earnest, he took the chip, but asked, "What must I say?"

6. "You have nothing to say; the chip will say all I wish."

7. With a look of wonder and contempt he held up the piece of wood, and said, "How can this speak? has this a mouth?"

8. On arriving at the house he gave the chip to Mrs. Williams, who read it, threw it away and went to the tool-chest for the square. On receiving the square, the chief asked her how she knew that this was what Mr. Williams wanted.

9. "Why," she replied, "did you not bring me a chip just now?"

10. "Yes," said the astonished chief; "but I did not hear it say anything."

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11. "If you did not, I did," was the reply.

12. With this the chief leaped out of the house; and catching up the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand and the square in the other, holding them up as high as his arms could reach, and shouting as he went, "See the wisdom of these English people! they can make chips talk."

13. Mr. Williams gave him all the explanation in his power, but the affair still seemed to the poor savage so great a mystery that he actually tied a string to the chip, hung it round his neck and wore it for some time.

14. An instance scarcely less amusing is given by Mr. Mariner in his account of the Tonga Islands:

Finnow, the king, after having seen a piece of writing and labored in vain to understand it, sent for Mr. Mariner and desired him to write down something.

15. "What shall I write?" said the latter.

16. "Write down me," replied the king. He accordingly wrote "Finnow" in English characters.

17. The king sent for another Englishman who had not been present, and commanding Mr. Mariner to turn his back, he gave the man the paper and desired him to read it.

18. The man, as soon as he glanced at the

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paper, pronounced aloud the name of the king; upon which Finnow snatched it from his hand, and with astonishment looked at it, turned it round and examined it in all directions.

19. At length he exclaimed, "This is neither like myself nor anybody else. Where are my legs? How do you know it to be me?"

20. And then, without stopping for an explanation, he impatiently ordered Mr. Mariner to write something else, and thus employed him for three or four hours in putting down the names of different persons, places and things, always making the other Englishman read them.

LXI.—*THE BEAR AND THE BAKER.*

PART FIRST.

I.

IN Oldtown is an annual fair,
Such as, I will be bound to say,
May not be met with everywhere.
Then all the people look extremely gay,
And all the children have a holiday:
Then there are cows, and sheep, and pigs to sell,
And more than I can tell;
And booths are ranged in rows,
Full of all sorts of pretty things,
Glass necklaces, and copper rings,
And pins, and gloves, and bracelets, combs and boxes,
And then there are such quantities of shows,
All crammed with lions, elephants and foxes!

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II.

Well, unto this same fair
There came, the night before,
A famous dancing-bear,
And several monkeys on his back he bore;
But with the monkeys we have naught to do—
The bear alone concerns our story.
Now, as night's curtain had begun to drop
And they had traveled far,
The master of the bear resolved to stop,
Just where the town lay stretching out before y^,
Until the morning, at the Golden Star.

III.

So, without more ado,
The bear was led
Into a little shed,
And housed, as they thought, for the night.
Bruin, however, did not like his quarters,
And, without asking if the thing were right,
Walked out; nor did mine hostess, nor her daughters,
Nor guest of any sort, behold him go.

IV.

Soon to the back of a certain house he came,
Built 'gainst a higher ground,
So that he found,
Without being in the least to blame,
His nose against a window-grate
Which opened straight
Into a well-stored larder.

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In this small house there dwelt a worthy baker,
A famous man for penny pies;
Of cakes and gingerbread a noted maker,
And sausages likewise.

V.

These things just standing under bruin's nose,
You may suppose

Would make him long to have a little taste;
So, through the grate,
Headlong he plunged—a lumbering weight—
And many jingling tins displaced.
Poor bruin never thought, not he,
The window was just at the ceiling,
And he should fall so far and heavily;
And after all be taken up for stealing!

VI.

The baker being awakened by this din,
Blunder on blunder, tin on tin,
Thought twenty thieves were breaking in!
He was a tall and sturdy fellow,
And to his only son,

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Most stoutly he began to bellow:
"Jack, get the double-barreled gun;
A host of thieves is in the pantry—
Twenty there are, or more;
Do you go out and keep strict sentry,
And shoot the first who ventures out,
The while I guard the door!"

VII.

As soon as said the thing was done—
Jack took the double-barreled gun,
And stood before the broken grate:
"Ah, thieves!" said he, with lusty shout,
"If you come out,
I'll scatter twenty bullets round about!"

VIII.

The bear, so frightened at this sad disaster,
And thinking Jack must be his master,
Lay quite stock still:
Meanwhile, the baker stood before,
And double-locked the pantry-door.
"There, there!" said he, "I've got them fast;
I've caught the rogues at last!"

IX.

All this poor bruin heard,
And much he marveled at his case,
Thus prisoned in that trap-like place;
Yet so the baker scolded if he stirred,
And so much did he fear his master's stick,
Heavy and thick,

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He dared not reconnoiter, nor look out,
Lest something worse should come about;
Therefore, he lay quite still,
Though it was very much against his will.

LXII.—*THE BEAR AND THE BAKER.*

PART SECOND.

I.

JACK was, outside, a watchful sentinel:
He noted all that happened in the night;
He saw the earliest streak of morning light;
He heard the watchmen in the town,
With their dull voices passing up and down,
And the exchange clock, with its heavy bell,
The hours with quarters tell;
And now a man, and now a boy he saw;
And now the morning grew so keen and raw,
He wished his task was o'er;
And now he heard the clocks strike four;
And now,—oh welcome sight,—
He, in the Golden Star, beheld a light!

II.

While Jack to notice all these things was able,
His father made
A very decent sort of barricade,
Of chair and table;
So that the foe, if he had been inclined
To issue forth, might find
The thing impracticable.

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This done, soon as the clock struck four,
The baker left his door;
But all so silently,
That the trapped enemy
Might still suppose him watching at his post,
As powerful as a host.

III.

Down to the Golden Star in haste he ran,
And there he found them bustling all about
Fetching and carrying, mistress, maid and man
Though 'twas so early, going in and out.
To them he told the adventures of the night,
And all were in a great affright;
And all indignant at the thieves' audacity:
"Is it not terrible!" said they;
"But in the present day,
All men, even thieves, have wonderful capacity!"

IV.

This said, with sudden haste
They called up every guest,
Carter and cattle-driver, groom and jockey,
And the bear's master, wild and black;
Until the baker thought he was most lucky
To muster such a party at his back.
Unto the house they came, and pulled down, first,
The formidable barricade;
And then they grew afraid,
Lest out the dreadful enemy should burst.
At length each heart grew bolder,
And o'er his neighbor's shoulder

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Each held a lighted candle; and, *en masse,*
They rushed into the place where bruin was!
There, skulking in his shaggy coat, they saw
A frightful something with a paw!

V.

"Up, up with you at once!"
Shouted poor bruin's master in his ears;
And he, who was no dunce,
And had so many fears,
And knew that voice so well,
Sprang in a moment to his hinder legs,
Just like a little dog that begs,
And danced a hornpipe to a miracle!

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VI.

Half angry was the baker, seeing thus,
That, after all his fuss,
The thieves were nothing but a dancing bear!
And yet he took it in good part,
And tried to laugh with all his heart,
And said it was a joke most capital!

VII.

And, through all the fair,
'Twas told, at every booth and every stall,
What fancy bruin had for dainty store;
And many people gave him gingerbread;
And he with buns and penny pies was fed,
So that he never fared so well before.

LXIII.—*A VISIT TO THE IMAGE-MAKER'S.*

PART FIRST.

WE had a great deal of trouble to find the image-maker's house. I don't think, unless papa had been with us, we ever should have found it at all. We had to go down a very narrow little street, full of funny shops; then into a passage and up a winding stair to a large low garret. There were windows in the roof instead of at the sides, so that you could see nothing but sky through them.

2. I was rather disappointed at first. I thought the whole room would have been full of beautiful

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white images like those I had seen the image-maker carry on a board the day before. Instead of that, there were scarcely any at all—only the molds in which they were made, and these molds were very ugly indeed—ugly and dirty, and no sort of shape at all.

3. There were a few figures, however, that I had not seen before. There was Garibaldi, with that funny loose shirt on. I wondered if it was his only one; he never seemed to have any other to put on. And there was an English general, the most splendid gentleman I had ever seen, all over lace and embroidery and braiding, and no end of buttons with crowns carved on them. He really was very grand. Next to him was a German soldier with not half so much ornament about him, but he looked very fierce, as if he could kill a great many people.

4. Antonio asked us if we would like to see him make a general. A lady had ordered one the day before, and he could make one from beginning to end in about an hour. Aunt Mary said we should like it very much; so he began at once. Perhaps you will be glad for me to tell you how it was done, though, of course, I can't make you understand so well as if you had seen everything yourself.

5. The molds were made of a very coarse, strong plaster. The general's mold was of sev-

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eral pieces tied together with matting. Antonio loosed these bands. Outside they were quite rough and shapeless, but inside they were as smooth as satin, and you could see every little mark upon them that there was upon the real general.

6. Then Antonio got some oil and a brush, and oiled the inside of the mold very carefully indeed. He took a great deal of pains with it, because he said if he missed a single button, the plaster would stick and his general would be spoiled. That was why generals were so expensive—they had so many buttons; but then he got a better price for them, so it came to the same thing in the end.

7. I am sure papa was thinking something funny whilst Antonio said this, for his eyes twinkled so, but I don't know what it was.

8. When all the pieces were oiled, Antonio tied them together again, and the thing looked just as it did before. Then he turned it feet uppermost and stirred up a pailful of plaster of Paris and poured it into the mold and shook it round and round, so that the plaster might get into all the little holes and corners. Poor man! it put him quite out of breath. He said generals wanted so much shaking; the plaster would have gone all over a German soldier in half the time.

9. Then he set the mold carefully down in

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one corner of the room, and told us that in less than an hour the image would be quite ready. I did not know before that they could make soldiers in that way, but then I was only a little girl, and had many things to learn.

LXIV.—*A VISIT TO THE IMAGE-MAKER'S.*

PART SECOND.

WHILE we waited I looked about the room to amuse myself. At last I found something which pleased me very much. It was lying on the floor amongst a lot of broken images; so I felt sure I might pick it up and look at it.

2. It was a little church, about half as long as my arm, made of plaster of Paris, like all the rest of the things. It had a low, square tower at one end, nearly covered with ivy, and a porch at the side; and there was colored glass fastened into the windows—red and blue and green and orange; and over one of the arches in the tower was a clock, with figures all round, and two hands, and a cross at the top of everything. Oh, I was so pleased!

3 I thought if it was so pretty outside, what must the inside be; and as I could not see through the colored glass windows in the front, I turned it round, thinking there might be a door in the

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other side, and expecting to find arches and columns and beautiful paintings on the walls, and figures of angels with palm branches in their hands, just like the inside of our own church.

4. But how disappointed I was, when I turned it round, to find my pretty little church was only meant to stand upon a chimney-piece and be looked at in front! It had no shape at all behind, and no walls there, nor anything; and instead of having columns and arches inside, and angels with palm branches in their hands, it was very dirty indeed, and quite empty, except for one smoky bit of candle stuck into a hole in the plaster. Was n't it disappointing to find nothing but a bit of candle inside what looked so fair and pretty on the front? and a church too.

5. I ran to papa with it, and I asked him what the smoky bit of tallow candle meant, and I told him how very sorry I was to find nothing pretty inside, when the other part looked so nice. Papa only smiled as he took it up and turned it round and round, and he said he was afraid his little girl would often be disappointed, if she expected to find things look alike on both sides.

6. He told me the bit of candle was meant to be lighted, and he asked Antonio if he would light the candle for me to see how it looked. Antonio did so directly, and then took me into a little dark closet and shut the door and held the

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church up, and the light shone through the red and green and purple windows and looked very pretty indeed.

7. But I did not care so much for it now, because I knew that it had no inside; nay, more than that, the inside was very dirty, and some spiders had made their web in it, and the bit of candle did not smell nice. Besides, I had to stand in the dark to look at it, and that was n't pleasant. It only looked pretty in the dark.

8. I told Antonio I was much obliged to him, but I should like to come out into the light again to papa. So he blew the candle out, and he told me if I liked I might have the little church to keep, for it had been standing on his shelf for ever so long, and nobody wanted to buy it.

9. Papa told me I might learn something from it. It was like some little boys and girls he had seen who lived in fine houses and wore fine clothes and had plenty of money in their purses, but when you heard them talk they used very naughty words, and they often quarreled with each other and got into terrible tempers, which showed that their hearts were very dirty and ugly.

10. I have remembered that ever since; so you see I did not find my church for nothing.

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LXV.—*A VISIT TO THE IMAGE-MAKER'S.*

PART THIRD.

BY this time Antonio thought the general would be ready to come out of the mold. So he unloosed the bands and very carefully took away the different parts, and sure enough the plaster was quite hard, and the general stood upon his feet like a real man, with his buttons and his lace and his embroidery and his cocked hat all complete.

2. When Antonio set him up, I danced about him, for I was so pleased, and I wished I had ever so many dollars that I might spend them all in generals. I had only ten cents, though, and I wanted to buy a ribbon with that; so I was obliged to be content without a standing army at present. Afterward, when I *was* rich enough to buy generals, I did not care about them at all.

3. Then papa said it was time for us to go home; so we bade Antonio good-morning, and he asked us if we would come again soon. But just as we were going away, we saw a little mold—oh, such a funny, ugly little mold!—standing all by itself on a shelf close to the door. It was very much the shape of a milk pitcher without a handle, turned upside down.

4. Aunt Mary laughed so as we passed it.

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"Oh, Antonio," she said, "what a comical little thing! Surely you can't make anything pretty come out of this."

5. He stretched out his long lean arm and took the mold down from its shelf.

"You shall see, lady. Stay just one moment."

6. He untied some bands which were fastened round it. It divided into two parts, and what do you think there was inside it?

7. Why, a beautiful, beautiful lady they called Psyche,* with bended head, and calm brow, and sweet still face, and lips folded forever in a quiet smile. A ray of golden sunlight smote down upon her through the dingy garret-window, as she lay, white, pure, silent, beside the shapeless, ugly mold which had just been broken away from her.

8. Aunt Mary and papa stood very still. They looked at the beautiful Psyche, with the golden sunlight smiling down upon her, and then at Antonio, deformed, ugly, with his hollow cheeks and his wrinkled forehead and his humped back and his wonderful brown eyes through which a strange light seemed to shine. I could not understand it all.

9. "Papa," I said, touching his elbow very gently, "what are you so still for?"

10. Papa quite started. He seemed to have forgotten all about me.

* Pronounced Sy'-ke.

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11. "I was thinking, Alice," he said.

12. "And what were you thinking about, please, papa?"

13. "I am afraid you could n't quite understand it, Alice," he replied, taking hold of my hand, "if I were to tell you. But don't you think you can find out something for yourself from the lovely face which has been hidden away behind the ugly mold?"

14. I believe I looked very stupid. I never could find things out like other people. But Aunt Mary put the answer into my head; at least, if she did not quite put it there, she seemed to give me hold of one end of it, and then all the rest came quite easily.

15. "You remember the church, Alice," she said, "don't you?—it was so fine in front, and yet was not a bit pretty when you came to look inside it; and you know papa told you it reminded him of little boys and girls who have fine clothes and fine houses, but very naughty, dirty, disagreeable hearts—best outside and worst inside. Now, can't you guess what papa means you to learn from the mold that seemed so ugly when first you looked at it, and yet had such a beautiful face hidden away in it all the time?"

16. I knew now, and I jumped and clapped my hands, because I was so glad to have found it out.

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17. "You mean that I must n't despise little boys and girls who are plain and poor and obliged to wear ragged clothes or old ones, because perhaps they may be all right inside, and very pretty too. Is n't that it, papa?"

18. Papa kissed me and said that *was* it; but he did n't think I should have found it out so soon if Aunt Mary had not helped me.

Then we said good-morning to Antonio and went home.

LXVI.—*THE YOUNG MOUSE.*

I.

IN a crack near the cupboard, with dainties provided,
A certain young mouse with her mother resided;
So securely they lived in that snug quiet spot,
Any mouse in the land might have envied their lot.

II.

But one day the young mouse, who was given to roam,
Having made an excursion some way from her home,
On a sudden returned, with such joy in her eyes,
That her gray, sedate parent expressed some surprise.

III.

"Oh, mother," said she, "the good folks of this house,
I 'm convinced, have not any ill will to a mouse;
And those tales can't be true you always are telling,
For they 've been at such pains to construct us a dwelling.

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IV.

"The floor is of wood and the walls are of wires,
Exactly the size that one's comfort requires;
And I'm sure that we there should have nothing to fear,
If ten cats, with their kittens, at once should appear.

V.

"And then they have made such nice holes in the wall,
One could slip in and out with no trouble at all;
But forcing one through such rough crannies as these,
Always gives one's poor ribs a most terrible squeeze.

VI.

"But the best of all is, they've provided us well
With a large piece of cheese of most exquisite smell;
'T was so nice, I had put in my head to go through,
When I thought it my duty to come and fetch you."

VII.

"Ah, child!" said her mother, "believe, I entreat,
Both the cage and the cheese are a terrible cheat;
Do not think all that trouble they took for our good,
They would catch us and kill us all there if they could,
As they've caught and killed scores; and I never could learn
That a mouse who once entered did ever return."

VIII.

Let the young people mind what the old people say,
And when danger is near them keep out of the way.

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LXVII.—*THE LITTLE TEACHER.*

LAURIE had been hunting for his hat ever since dinner, and had just discovered it on a ledge of the barn where he had tossed it that morning. But some one had found it before him—a little wren, who, thinking it looked inviting, had hopped in, and was chirping away to himself in the liveliest manner when Laurie first spied him.

2. "Isn't he cunning?" said Laurie. "Look quick, Alice! Come softly, or you will frighten him away. Do you see him? Here! right in my hat, the little mischief!"

3. Alice came up on tip-toe; but finding that Mr. Wren, instead of taking offense at their boldness, hopped about in Laurie's hat as though he rather enjoyed being looked at, the children soon drew nearer to their sociable little friend.

4. "I never was so close to a wren before," whispered Alice, the eldest of the three; "what a pretty color he is! a sort of reddish brown."

5. "And his wings," said Belle, "are brown, with those beautiful white dots across them."

6. "He is a conceited little fellow, though," said Laurie, laughing. "He is showing off as well as he knows how. One would think he was really proud of his mixed brown coat; and just see how he is winking at us."

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7. The idea of a bird's winking was so funny to Belle that, without thinking, she broke into a merry laugh; and Mr. Wren, supposing that they were making fun of him, and not liking it better than other people, flew off in as dignified a manner as was possible for such a merry little bird, and perched far up in the old elm-tree.

8. The children were very much disappointed; but as there was no chance of seeing him again, they thought the next best thing to do, was to go in and tell mother the story. Laurie said he would put his hat in the same place in the morning, with some nice bread-crumbs on its brim to tempt the little fellow to hop in again.

9. "What a disagreeable day!" muttered Laurie, who was sitting on the window-seat the next morning, kicking the wood-work and looking out with a disgusted expression at the storm. Alice was at the piano, slowly picking out a tune. "I do wish you would stop kicking, Laurie," she said impatiently; "it makes me nervous."

10. "Nervous! You would better say cross, and be done with it! It is nothing but—'O Laurie! don't!' or, 'O Laurie! do!' every second.' And down he jumped with as much noise as possible, and threw himself on the sofa by little Belle.

11. Mother looked up from her writing after a few minutes, and said pleasantly, "Children, have you looked for Mr. Wren this morning?"

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12. "No use in that," growled Laurie, getting up lazily. "We were going to have gay times to-day, hunting for him; but there will be no birds out in such a rain."

13. "I am not so sure about that," said mother, going to the window. "I should not be at all surprised to see Mr. Wren or some of his family." All stood and watched by the window.

14. "There he is!" cried Belle, suddenly, clapping her little hands with delight. "And just listen!" said Alice; "he is chirping away as though it were a most delightful day."

15. The children's good humor was restored in a moment. How they laughed as they watched Mr. Wren daintily picking his way across the garden-path, which, to him, must have seemed quite like a swollen river!

16. But he didn't mind, oh, no! not a bit; he chirped and hopped, then flew a little way, then stopped, bobbing his tiny head first one side, then the other, and again went on, as merry as when he sat in Laurie's hat and sang to the sunshine.

17. He was busy now, very busy, picking up straws, dead leaves and twigs, for the little house which he and his mate were going to build. He could not think of minding the rain with so much work to do. Indeed, I do not believe he thought of such a thing; for wrens are the busiest of birds, always building, always at work.

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They make nest after nest just for the pleasure of making them, though the home nest is more carefully put together and lined with nice soft feathers.

18. "I think we shall have to call Mr. Wren our little teacher," said mother, looking down on the once more smiling faces of her three children "Don't you think he has done us all good this morning? I like his lesson very much myself."

19. The children laughed, but they also looked a little ashamed. Soon Alice said slyly, "I was real cross to-day, just because it rained. I did not want to practice or do anything."—"And a little bird has taught you a better way," said mother, kissing her.

20. "I will remember Mr. Wren when it storms again;" whispered Laurie to Belle; and, catching up his spelling-book, he went to work in good earnest; and the little girls, following his example, went back to their studies with bright faces.

21. They tried all day to be as cheerful and merry as Mr. Wren was; and by keeping as busy as he, their time passed quickly. When they talked about it afterward, they all agreed that it was the pleasantest rainy day they had ever known. So much for having cheerful hearts and plenty to do.

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LXVIII.—*THE USE OF LITTLE THINGS.*

I.

SUPPOSE the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower,
I'd better not grow up!"
How many, worn with travel's toil,
Would miss its fragrant smell!
And many a child would sorry be
To lose it from the dell.

II.

Suppose the shining dew-drop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better shrink away."
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

III.

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength
And little wisdom too!
It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by her love.

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LXIX.—*THE KING AND THE SPARROWS.*

THERE was once a great king of France who was very fond of cherries. One day he was told that the sparrows had pecked nearly all the ripe fruit in his garden, so that out of the dish of cherries placed before him, there was scarcely one that had not the mark of a sparrow's beak upon it.

2. The king was very angry at this, and gave orders that all the poor little sparrows should be killed.

3. At the end of two years there was scarcely a sparrow to be seen in the country. But, strange to say, there were no cherries, and but little of any other kind of fruit, for the insects had eaten it up.

4. Then wise men told the king that sparrows live chiefly upon insects, and keep the fruit free of them, while they eat but little of the fruit itself.

5. On hearing this, the king gave orders that no more sparrows should be killed; "For," said he, "as they preserve so much of the fruit for our use, they deserve to share a portion of what we enjoy."

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LXX.—*THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.*

(*A Fable.*)

A LARK and her young ones had their nest in a field of corn which was almost ripe. She was in great fear that the reapers would come and cut down the corn before her young ones could fly.

2. When she left the nest to go for food, she gave them this order,—that they were to tell her when she came back what they heard whilst she was away.

3. When she was gone, they heard the owner of the field say to his son, "I think this corn is ripe enough; go and tell our friends and neighbors to come early to-morrow morning to reap it."

4. When the lark came home, the young ones told her what they had heard. The mother told them to be easy; "For," said she, "if the farmer depends on friends, he will not have his corn cut to-morrow."

5. The next day she went out again, and on her return they told her that the farmer had been there, and waited a long time, but nobody came to help him. He then said to his son, "Go and ask our uncles and cousins to help us to reap it."—"If that be all," the old bird said, "you will be safe to-morrow."

6. The next day again the farmer and his son

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had no one to help them. "Go, son," he said, "and get a couple of sickles; as none will help us, we must reap it ourselves."—"Now," said the lark, "we must be gone indeed, for when a man resolves to do his work himself, it will be surely done."

LXXI.—*WHO IS SHE?*

I.

THERE is a little maiden—
Who is she? Do you know?—
Who always has a welcome
Wherever she may go.

II.

Her face is like the May-time;
Her voice is like a bird's;
The sweetest of all music
Is in her lightsome words.

III.

The loveliest of blossoms
Spring where her light foot treads;
And most delicious odors
She all around her sheds.

IV.

The breath of purple clover
Upon the breezy hills;
The smell of garden roses
And yellow daffodils.

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V.

Each spot she makes the brighter,
As if she were the sun,
And she is sought and cherished
And loved by every one;

VI.

By old folks and by children,
By lofty and by low;
Who is this little maiden?
Does anybody know?

VII.

You surely must have met her;
You certainly can guess.
What! must I introduce her?
Her name is Cheerfulness.

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LXXII.—*THE BELL OF THE TOWER OF JUSTICE.*

ONCE there was a king who was a very uncommon king indeed. He was not proud, selfish and unjust, as kings are so apt to be, but he seemed to live only for the welfare of his subjects.

2. This king had a tower built, which he called the Tower of Justice. Then he said to his prime minister,

"Hang a bell in the tower, and drop the rope over the wall outside, where any man who has been wronged and who wishes for justice may reach it and ring the bell; for though he be the poorest wretch in our kingdom, we will hear his cause and do him right."

3. The prime minister did as he was told; and afterward, when any man had been injured by another or by the laws, he had only to come and pull the rope which hung from the bell of the Tower of Justice; then the king would assemble his wise men, and hear his cause and right his wrongs.

4. When, from long use, the lower end of the rope was worn away, a piece of wild vine was fastened on to lengthen it. Now it chanced that the prime minister had a horse that had served him long and well, but which, having grown old

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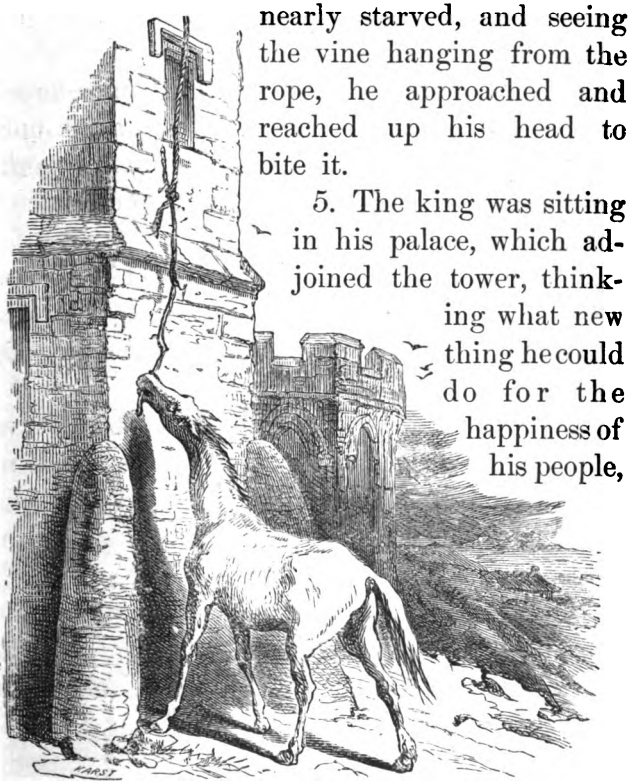
and useless, was cruelly turned out on a barren common to take care of himself. One day, being nearly starved, and seeing the vine hanging from the rope, he approached and reached up his head to bite it.



5. The king was sitting in his palace, which adjoined the tower, thinking what new thing he could do for the happiness of his people, when he heard the bell ring. Immediately he sent for his prime minister and summoned the wise men, and all assembled in the Tower of Justice to hear the cause of the ringing; and, lo! it was only the prime minister's starved horse pulling the rope as he gnawed away at the wild vine.

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6. All were astonished, and the prime minister was ashamed, and the king said, "Even the poor beast comes to me for justice, and justice he shall have."

7. Then, turning to the prime minister, he said, "O you who neglect in his old age a noble animal that served you faithfully in his youth, how can you be trusted to administer justice in my kingdom?"

8. The minister replied, "While I have zealously compelled others to do justice, I have acted unjustly, and I am unworthy to serve my lord the king."

9. "Nay," said the king; "you too have served well in your youth, and in your age you shall not be deprived of my favor, lest I too prove unjust. He whose whole life has been faithful should not be condemned for one fault."

10. So the wise king retained his prime minister, and the horse that had rung the bell for justice was ever after kindly cared for by his old master.

QUESTIONS.

Do you know what a king is? What did this king cause to be built? Did you ever see a tower? What was hung inside the tower? How could the bell be rung? What would the king do when he heard the bell? Do you think the bell was rung many times? What makes you think so? What did the horse do? What happened to the horse afterward?

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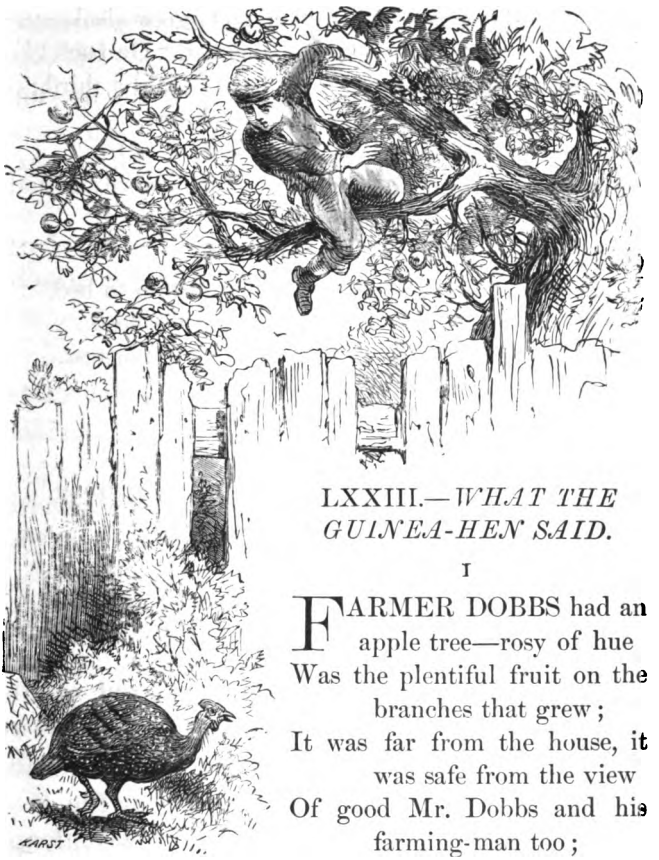

LXXIII.—*WHAT THE GUINEA-HEN SAID.*

I

FARMER DOBBS had an
apple tree—rosy of hue
Was the plentiful fruit on the
branches that grew;
It was far from the house, it
was safe from the view
Of good Mr. Dobbs and his
farming-man too;
But one little boy, when to school he was going,
Would often glance up at the ripe apples glowing
With bright glossy specks on their dark crimson peel;
He looked, and he longed, and determined—to steal.

II.

So he climbed o'er the fence, the tall tree he ascended,
Glanced fearfully round, then, with one hand extended,

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An apple he reached—when his fingers grew slack,
For a voice loud and angry had shouted, "Go back!"
"Go back!" said another; "Go back!" said a third;
With terror o'ercome at the voices he heard,
This poor naughty boy, whose sad story I tell,
Dropped his hold of the bough, lost his balance and fell.

III.

They picked him up soon and conveyed him to bed,
With a cut on his knee and a bruise on his head;
And then, while he lay and for pain could not rest,
He plainly saw honesty always is best,
And cried, "If ever I get better again,
I'll take the advice of the good guinea-hen,
'Go back' when I am tempted to do what is wrong."
So this is the end of the guinea-hen's song.

LXXIV.—*THE FOX AND THE LAND-CRAB.*

A YOUNG land-crab once crept out of his pond to make a little excursion in a meadow and see what was going on in the world. A fox who happened to be passing at the moment noticed the crab as he crept slowly along, and after having wished him good-morning, added, in a mocking tone, "Where are you going so slowly? When do you hope to get to the other side of this field? It seems to me that you go backward instead of forward."

2. Now, this was a clever young crab who had

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heard how sly foxes are, and he thought there could be no harm in playing this one a trick, so he answered, politely, "I am only a crab, it is true, and I cannot walk so gracefully as you, Mr. Fox, but I can run much faster."

3. Mr. Fox sneered, "Indeed?"

4. "Well," said the crab, "as you appear to doubt my speed, suppose we run a race for a wager. Have you any objection?"

5. "Nothing would give me greater pleasure," returned the fox. "Shall we run from Berne to Bâle?"

6. "Oh no; that would take too much time. I suggest we try half a mile, or say a mile; that will not be too much for either of us."

7. "A mile!" echoed the fox, as if he thought, "What is a mile to me? I can run that while the crab is getting ready to set off."

8. "I will offer you one advantage," added the crab, "which you must accept if I am to race with you."

9. "Well, let me hear what it is," said Reynard, who was beginning to feel impatient.

10. "I will give you your own length start of me. Place yourself so that your hind feet touch my nose, and when I cry, 'Away!' you must set off."

11. This plan seemed to please Mr. Fox, and he answered, "I will do exactly as you wish,"

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turned himself round and placed his bushy tail within the reach of the crab, who seized the long hair tightly with his claws, without the fox perceiving that he had done so, and shouted at the same moment, "Away!"

12. Off started Mr. Fox as if the hunters were behind him, his feet scarcely touching the ground. As soon as he reached the milestone he turned round and cried, "Where are you, Mr. Crab? where are you dawdling?"

13. Now, as the fox turned round to look for his companion, his tail touched the milestone, and the crab, making the best of his opportunity, let go his hold, and answered, "Here am I waiting for you. I was just wondering when you intended to make your appearance; you have certainly taken time enough to get over a mile."

14. Now, Mr. Fox, who had no idea that he had brought the crab all the way clinging to his brush, looked much astonished at seeing him there, not the least heated or tired; and not knowing what to say, he paid his wager and slunk home to his den, determined never to laugh at a crab again.

15. Those who are always trying to deceive others may expect some day to be caught by the very people they have been trying to dupe.

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LXXV.—*COMING.*

I.

THE birds are coming home soon;
I look for them every day;
I listen to catch the first wild snatch,
For they must be singing by May.

II.

The bluebird, he'll come first, you know,
Like a violet that has taken wings;
And the redbreast trills while his nest he builds;
I can hum the song that he sings.

III.

And the crocus and wind-flower are coming, too;
They're already upon the way;
When the sun warms the brown earth through and through,
I shall look for them *any* day.

IV.

But the rose will be dreaming away the spring,
And hoarding her spicy wealth,
While the Mayflower is graciously blossoming
In the cold, damp woods by stealth.

V.

Then be patient, and wait a little, my dear;
"They're coming!" the winds repeat;
"We're coming! we're coming!" I'm sure I hear
From the grass blades that grow at my feet.

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LXXVI.—*STEAM AND SMOKE.*

ONE morning while Willie was waiting for his breakfast, he inquired what was all that smoke which came up out of the tea-urn.

2. "It is not smoke," said his mother; "it is *steam*."

3. "It looks just like smoke," cried Willie.

4. "No, not exactly, for it is white, and smoke is more frequently black."

5. "Then what is steam, mother?"

6. "It is made of hot water, my dear."

7. "What a great many things are made of

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water!" cried Willie. "Snow is made of water, and ice is made of water, and steam is made of water."

8. "There is this difference," said his mother: "water is turned into snow and ice when it is very cold, and water is turned into steam when it is very hot."

9. "But, mother, it is not very hot to-day, I am sure; look, there is snow falling as fast as it can fall."

10. "The weather is not hot, certainly," said his mother; "but the water in the urn is very hot, for it has been boiling over the fire for our breakfast, and the steam rises from that."

11. Mother then held a teaspoon over the steam, and the steam was stopped by the teaspoon, which in a short time was covered with it, and the steam was cooled by the cold teaspoon and turned to water again—small tiny drops of water. Willie saw that it was water, and he not only saw it, but he felt it too, for he put his finger into the spoon and felt that it was wet.

12. "This is not a cold teaspoon, mother," said he; "for it has almost burnt my finger, it is so hot."

13. "It was cold before I put it into the steam. What do you think has made it so hot now?"

14. "Oh, the hot steam, to be sure."

15. "Then you see, Willie, the steam has

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warmed the spoon, and the spoon has cooled the steam and turned it into water."

16. Mother took another spoon and held it in the smoke, and after some little time the bright silver began to look dingy, and then it was covered with little black spots. Willie touched it and said, "No, it is not wet; so smoke cannot be made of water." Then, looking at his fingers, he exclaimed, "Oh, mother, how I have dirtied my fingers with these black spots!"

17. "No wonder," answered his mother; "for these little black spots are very small bits of black coal that fly up from the coal while it is burning; it is the heat of the fire which changes them into smoke."

18. "Then, mother," said Willie, "though smoke is not made of water, it is like steam in one thing, for it rises up because it is so hot."

19. "Very true," said his mother; "coal is turned into smoke by heat just as water is turned into steam by heat."

LXXVII.—*CLOUDS, RAIN AND SNOW.*

ONE morning mother called Willie and said, "I promised, my dear, to show you when a cloud was falling. Look out at the window and you will see one now."

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2. Willie ran to the window in a great hurry to see what he thought must be so strange a sight. He looked first up in the skies, then he looked to the right and then to the left; nowhere could he see anything falling.

3. "Why, Willie, where are your eyes?" said mother. "I see a great many things falling."

4. "Where?" inquired Willie, eagerly. "I can see nothing at all but drops of rain."

5. "Well, and what are drops of rain made of?"

6. "They are made of water," replied Willie.

7. "And what are the clouds made of?"

8. "Why, you once told me, mother, they were made of water too."

9. "Well, then, my dear, when a cloud falls it does not come down plump upon your head like a pail of water, as you were afraid it did, but it falls in drops, and those drops are called rain."

10. "How funny!" cried Willie. "Then rain is cloud tumbling down to the ground?"

11. "Yes, it is; but it is called a cloud only when it is up in the skies, and rain when it falls to the ground."

12. "And up in the clouds is it in drops, mother; or all in one, like a pail of water?"

13. "In drops," replied his mother—"much smaller drops than rain; it is more like the little drops that we caught in the teaspoon when we held it over the steam."

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14. "Oh yes, I remember," cried Willie; "and I said, 'How many things are made of water!' and now I see there are a great many more things made of water; there are the clouds and rain and steam and ice and snow." Willie then thought a moment, and afterward said, "Why, mother, you said that snow came from the clouds; so snow is a cloud falling as well as rain, is it not?"

15. "Yes," replied mother; "snow is a cloud falling when the weather is so cold that it freezes the rain and turns it into snow, and rain is a cloud falling to the ground when the weather is warmer, so that water will not freeze."

16. "Oh, then, the weather must be warmer to-day, for you see the clouds come down in rain, and not in snow, as they did yesterday."

17. "That is true, my dear; it is a *thaw* to-day."

LXXVIII.—*OUR BABY.*

I.

DID you ever see our baby?
Little Tot;
With her eyes so sparkling bright,
And her skin so lily white,
Lips and cheeks of rosy light—
Tell you what,
She is just the sweetest baby
In the lot.

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II.

Ah! she is our only darling,
And to me
All her little ways are witty;
And when she sings her little ditty,
Every word is just as pretty
As can be—
Not another in the city
Sweet as she.

III.

You don't think so—never saw her;—
Wish you could
See her with her playthings clattering,
Hear her little tongue a-chattering,
Little dancing feet come pattering—
Think you would
Love her just as well as I do,
If you could!

IV.

Every grandma's only darling,
I suppose,
Is as sweet and bright a blossom,
Is a treasure to her bosom,
Is as cheering and endearing,
As my Rose.
Heavenly Father, spare them to us,
Till life's close.

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LXXIX.—*PRESENCE OF MIND.*

A LITTLE presence of mind in times of danger is often worth more than any amount of strength.

2. Two young artists, whom we shall call Fritz and Carl, were once decorating the inner walls of a lofty church in Germany. A staging of boards had been slung up for them to stand upon, about forty feet from the ground.

3. Carl was painting a beautiful picture of Pharaoh's daughter finding Moses in the bulrushes.

4. "Ah, Fritz!" he cried, "I never painted such a face before. It is lovely. It will make me famous. One more touch—a little shading there in the dimple by the mouth."

5. The touch was given, and Carl, absorbed and enraptured by his own painting, quite forgot for a moment where he was. He stepped backward in order to take a view of it from a little distance.

6. Fritz noticed the movement, and saw with horror that, by taking one step more, his friend would walk off the staging and be dashed upon the pavement below. To speak would only increase the danger. What was to be done?

7. "Marvelous! superb!" Carl was saying, as he gazed intently upon the creation of his hands and raised his foot to take the fatal step.

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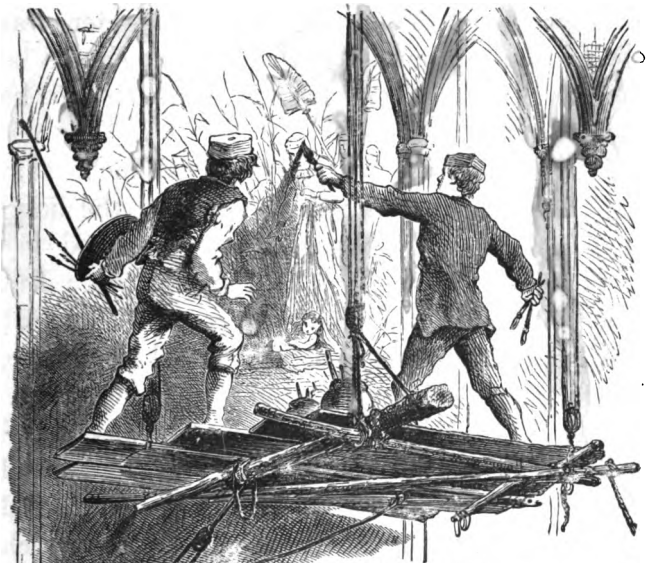

8. "That for your picture!" cried Fritz, flinging his brush at the face of Pharaoh's daughter.

9. "Madman!" shrieked Carl, springing forward too late to save his precious work. "Oh, Fritz!"

10. "It is you who are the madman," replied Fritz, calmly. "Don't you see? if I had not attacked your picture, in another instant you would have been lying dead upon the stones

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down yonder. Your Pharaoh's daughter was indeed superb; but better that the face should be spoiled than that my friend's body should be dashed to pieces."

11. "Ah, Fritz, you have saved me!" said Carl, bursting into tears as he clasped the hand of his friend. "I thought how delighted my mother would be at the fame I should win. But how little could my fame have consoled her if I had lost my life, as I certainly should have done, but for your presence of mind!"

12. The lovely face in the painting was indeed spoiled, but Carl lived to paint still better and nobler pictures, and to delight his mother and his friend Fritz by the fame and fortune which they brought him.

LXXX.—*BEAST AND MAN ARE BROTHERS.*

I.

LITTLE one, come to my knee!
Hark! how the rain is pouring
Over the roof in the pitch-black night,
And the winds in the woods a-roaring!
Hush, my darling, and listen!
Then pay for the story with kisses,
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,
In just such a storm as this is.

II.

High up on the lonely mountains,
Where the wild men watched and waited,

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Wolves in the forest and bears in the bush,
And I on my path belated,—
The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
And snapping many a rafter.

III.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned and bruised and blinded—
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it;
There, from the blowing and raining,
Crouching, I sought to hide me;
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

IV.

Little one, be not frightened!
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night,
Hid from the awful weather.
His wet fur pressed against me;
Each of us warmed the other;
Each of us felt, in the stormy night,
That beast to man is brother.

V.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-place,
Forth in the wild wet morning.

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LXXXI.—*ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.*

DURING the American Revolution, a little squad of soldiers were, at one time, trying to raise a log of timber to the top of some military works they were repairing. The timber went up with difficulty, and the voice of the little man in command was often heard shouting out—

"Heave away! there she goes! heave ho!"

2. An officer not in military costume was passing, and asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter,

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astonished, turning round, with all the pomp of an emperor, said, "Sir, I am a corporal."

3. "You are, are you?" replied the officer. "I was not aware of that;" and taking off his hat and bowing, the officer said, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," and then dismounted and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead.

4. When the work was finished, turning to the commander, he said,

"Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job and have not men enough, send for your Commander-in-chief, and I will come and help you a second time."

5. The corporal was thunderstruck. It was Washington who thus addressed him.

LXXXII.—*THE TWO BUCKETS.*

"HOW dismal you look!" said a bucket to his companion as they were going to the well.

2. "Ah!" replied the other, "I was thinking how useless it is for us to be filled; for let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty."

3. "Dear me! how strange to look at it in that way!" said the other bucket. "Now, I enjoy the thought that, however empty we come, we always go away full."

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LXXXIII.—*REWARDS OF SONG.*

I.

WHAT does the brook have for singing
Its silvery tune all day?
The buzz of the water-flies over it,
The hum of the gnats at play;
The dance of the sand at the bottom,
As it trips on its musical way.

II.

What does the wind have for singing,
As it winnows its wings to and fro?
The rustle of leaves on the branches,
The whisper of grass below;
In spring, the fall of the blossoms,
In winter, the whirl of the snow.

III.

What does the bee have for singing,
As over the meadow it flies?
The whirr of the spry little grasshopper,
Whose vaulting is grand—for his size;
The scent of the flowers he pilfers,
The honey he loads on his thighs.

IV.

What does the bird have for singing,
With the shade of the woods on his breast?
The call of his mate in the distance,
The cry of the young in the nest;
And the pleasure his music gives him,
Which to me—were I one—would be best.

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LXXXIV.—*THE WORTH OF KNOWLEDGE.*

"KEEP a thing seven years, and you will at last find a use for it," says an old proverb; and this is as true of knowledge as of anything we possess.

2. There was once an Eastern vizier, or prime minister, who in his youth had amused himself by studying the habits of insects. From studying insects he afterward came to study men, and at length by his wisdom attained the highest rank in the empire under his master the sultan.

3. But because he was good as well as wise, he one day refused to obey a wicked command of the sultan, who, in a rage, ordered that he should be imprisoned for life in the top of a high tower. There the captive was shut up, and no one except his jailer was allowed to see him.

4. He began at once to think of plans of escape, and soon by hard toil he had succeeded in loosening one of the iron bars that formed the grating of his window. By removing this, he found he could make room for his body to pass; but still escape was impossible, for the window was near seventy feet from the ground.

5. One night he heard a sound of weeping under his window, and knew that his wife was kneeling at the foot of the tower, bewailing his unhappy lot and praying for his deliverance.

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6. The captive put his head out between the bars and said, in a low voice, "Cease your grief, and go home. Come back to-morrow night, bringing with you a live black beetle, a little rancid butter, a skein of the finest silk, a ball of linen thread, a ball of strong cord and a coil of rope."

7. Relying upon her husband's wisdom, she ran home eagerly and procured all the things he had mentioned. She could hardly have the patience to wait until the following night to carry them to the tower and see what he would then order her to do.

8. The next night he again heard a sound of prayer and lamentation at the foot of the lofty tower wall.

9. "Cease your grief," he said, "and do what I shall tell you. Have you brought the live beetle, the rancid butter, the skein of silk and the thread, the cord and the rope?"

10. "I have brought everything as you commanded me," replied the woman.

11. "Tie one end of the silk thread around the beetle, touch his head with the butter, and place him on the wall with his head turned upward directly toward this window."

12. Now, it is the habit of that species of beetle to move straight in the direction of any strong scent—a fact which the vizier well re-

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membered, and of which he was now about to make use in order to escape from his captivity.

13. The beetle, smelling the rancid butter on his head and thinking it came from some point above him, climbed directly up to the high tower-window, dragging the thread of silk up after him. There the prisoner laid hold of the silk and let the beetle go.

14. "Now, tie the end of the silk to one end of the linen thread," he said to his wife below. This she did, and having drawn up the thread, he drew up by that the strong cord, and lastly, by the cord the coil of rope.

15. Then, having made the rope fast to the gratings of the window, the vizier got out where he had removed the bar, and found use for still another piece of knowledge gained in his youth and retained in his manhood. This was a knowledge of gymnastic exercises, which enabled him now to descend, without danger to his life or injury to his hands, a rope near seventy feet in length.

16. He glided quickly and quietly to the ground and escaped to another country, where he lived until the old sultan died; and his son, the new sultan, made haste to bring home with honors and rewards, the wisest and noblest of his subjects.

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LXXXV.—*THE YOUNG AMERICANS OF 1776.*

SCENE I.—Boston Common. A crowd of boys assembled near the skating-pond.

GEORGE. Here it is again, boys. The ice is all broken in by the red-coats. We shall have no fun to-day.

James. I wish we were not boys. If I were big enough to carry a sword and a musket, I would drive 'em out of the land faster than neighbor Tuft's dog ever went out of father's store.

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George. And what if we are boys? I for one have no mind to bear this treatment any longer.

All. Right, George, right!

James. But what can we do, boys?

George. I'll tell you. Form a line of march, and with drum and fife and colors wait upon General Howe at his tent, and tell him we will not be insulted by British soldiers nor any other soldiers.

All. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! (*They go out.—A short pause, and then again shouting in the distance.*) Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

SCENE II.—General Howe's headquarters. A sentinel pacing before the door with a musket over his shoulder. Noise of fife and drum at a distance.

Sentinel. What in the name of wonder can that be? Are they up in arms again in this rascally town? A troop of a hundred boys, as I live! An Indian painted on their flag, and no sign of the English cross! Oh, the land is full of rebellion! It is full of it, and running over. (*The boys halt in front of the tent, and George approaches the sentinel with the standard in his hand.*)

George. Is General Howe at home?

Sentinel. Who are you?

George. We are Boston boys, sir.

Sentinel. And what do you want here?

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George. We come for our rights, and we wish to speak to the British general.

Sentinel. The British general has better business than listening to a parcel of ragamuffin little rebels; I shall do none of your messages.

George. As you please, sir; but here we wait till we see General Howe. We *will* see him, and he shall do us justice.

All. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Sentinel. That, you little rascals, would be to hang you and your cowardly countrymen. I suppose you are making all this fuss about the little dirty pond on the common that does not at the best hold water enough to fill a sizable Dutch milk-pan.

All. Cowards do you call us? Say it again if you dare! (*General Howe and one of his aids step out.*)

General. What is the matter here? Why is this disturbance?

George. General Howe, we come to complain of the insults and the outrages of your soldiers. They break our kite-strings, and ruin our skating-pond, and steal our drums from us. We have spoken more than once to no purpose, and now we have to say that we cannot, and we will not endure it any longer.

General (*aside to his aid*). Good heavens! liberty is in the very air, and the boys breathe it. (*To the boys.*) Go, my brave lads; you have

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the word of General Howe that your sports shall never be disturbed again without punishment to the offender. Does that satisfy you?

George. Yes, General Howe; and in the name of my country I present you thanks.

General. No thanks; you are brave boys; you are English boys; I see plainly you are English boys.

All. No, sir; Yankees—Yankees—Yankee boys, sir. Hurrah! hurrah! (*The drum strikes up and the little band march off with flying colors.*)

LXXXVI.—*CHILDREN, THANK GOD.*

I.

CHILDREN, thank God for these great trees,
That fan the land with every breeze;
Whose drooping branches form cool bowers,
Where you can spend the summer hours:
For these thank God.

II.

For fragrant sweets of blossoms bright,
Whose beauty gives you such delight;
For the soft grass beneath your feet,
For new-mown hay and clover sweet—
For all thank God.

III.

The very cows that lie and doze
Beneath the trees in glad repose;

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The birds that in their branches sing,
And make the air with music ring—
All these thank God.

IV.

Oh, thank God for the radiant sky,
Whose varying beauty charms the eye—
Now gray and dark, now blue and bright,
Unfailing source of pure delight—
For this thank God.

V.

He gives the life to everything—
To beasts that roar and birds that sing;
But thought and speech he gave to men,
While beasts are dumb: oh, children, then,
For this thank God!

LXXXVII.—*A FAREWELL.*

I.

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

II.

Be good, dear child, and let who will, be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that last forever,
One grand, sweet song.

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